

The Nation

Vol. XXXII., No. 1.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1922.

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Events of the Week.

THE outstanding feature of the Near East crisis in the past week has been the success of the soldier in withstanding the militarists of the Cabinet. How much this country owes to Sir Charles Harington will only be known when the story of the events of last week-end can be told in full. The attitude of the Cabinet—or rather of the trio of war-makers, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Winston Churchill, and Lord Birkenhead, with Sir Laming Worthington Evans somewhere in their wake—can be sufficiently divined from the statement with which the Press of the world was regaled by a member of the Prime Minister's Secretariat on the Friday evening. What emerged from that declaration was that war was imminent and that Sir Charles Harington had been authorized, or encouraged, or incited to demand the withdrawal of the Turks from the neutral zone at the point of an ultimatum. Whatever the precise shade of the instructions sent from Downing Street, the Commander-in-Chief (supported, there is reason to believe, by the High Commissioner, Sir Horace Rumbold) fortunately continued to act with the restraint and wisdom he had shown throughout, with the result that a fatal clash between the opposing forces was avoided long enough to admit of Kemal's reflecting on the Allies' Paris Note, and deciding to answer it favorably. A conference between the military chiefs was accordingly called at Mudania on the Sea of Marmora for Tuesday.

THE conference was late in beginning its work, and rigorous secrecy was imposed by Sir Charles Harington, on the ground that the discussions were of a military rather than a political character. That view he appears to have maintained in the actual conversations, holding, properly enough, that details of the status of Thrace were primarily a matter for the politicians who had decided that that province, or rather its eastern portion, should be handed over to Turkey. Generally speaking, the first reports of the conference, fragmentary though they are, are reassuring. Ismet Pasha said, as clearly as Turkish negotiators ever say anything, that Mustapha Kemal accepted the Allies' Paris Note in principle, and the situation appears to have improved steadily as the

Turkish representatives became convinced that Eastern Thrace was actually to come into their hands. All, meanwhile, remained quiet at Chanak, where, however, the two armies were still in dangerously intimate contact. Sir Charles Harington is reported to have said that at the end of the first day's discussions things were going well. But the Greek General Mazarakis had not arrived, so that the struggle over Thrace still lay ahead.

THAT question assumes a growing urgency. The Allied Note settled the ultimate destiny of the territory east of the Maritza, but this increases rather than reduces the difficulties of the immediate future. At present the Greeks are in occupation, and the Greek Revolution was inspired largely by Nationalists resolved never to surrender Thrace without a fight. That being so, the claim of the Kemalists to occupy Eastern Thrace before a Greek army has time to dig itself in is, on the face of it, reasonable, particularly as massacres of Turks by Greeks are reported with some show of authority. But to turn Turkish soldiery into Thrace to do their will is unthinkable, even for the authors of the Paris capitulation. If the Turk is to go into Thrace at all—and the Allied Powers cannot cancel their decision now—he must go there under every safeguard and restriction the signatories of the coming treaty can devise. All M. Venizelos said on that point in his letter in Wednesday's "Times" is abundantly justified.

BUT to agree on that is no very substantial step towards a solution of the Thracian problem, the fact being that the Prime Minister's policy, even as reversed at the eleventh hour by Lord Curzon, has made a situation in which no solution that is not inherently bad is possible. M. Venizelos appears to desire a maintenance of the Greek administration in Eastern Thrace behind a hedge of Allied bayonets. Sir Frederick Maurice, on the other hand, contends rather surprisingly that the Allies should permit a Turkish force of occupation to cross the Straits and establish itself between the Black Sea and the Maritza. That course, it seems safe to predict, will not be followed. But the introduction of certain Turkish elements under Allied control might be contemplated, as evidence that the Allies were not, in spite of their Paris decisions, loading the dice in favor of the Greeks. But to get the Greeks out without driving them out, and to let the Turks in without opening the door to a massacre, is a problem that may well baffle far more competent negotiators than have the handling of it. Meanwhile the dispatch of Allied Commissions to Rodosto, Adrianople, and Lulu Burgas has had a good effect.

THERE remains the problem of the Straits. In his address to the journalists last week the Prime Minister is said to have emphasized with marked complacency his loyalty to the League of Nations in assigning to it the office of guardian of the neutralized Straits. In reality, of course, Mr. George is following his usual habit of throwing the League any

nut he cannot crack by other means. It may be that no other solution will be discoverable than to saddle the League with a task it was never designed, and is not equipped, to discharge. But the difficulties in the way are manifold. It is desired to associate America with the work, and America is not in favor of action through the League. Russia's claim to be consulted is undeniable, and Russia remains as obstinately hostile to the League as ever. The League, moreover, disposes of no army and no navy and no air force, and though the advocates of a League trusteeship of the Straits add that, for this purpose, it must be provided with an international force, so radical a departure from past principle and practice must not be lightly taken. The days when the League might be counted on to execute submissively the will of a Big Four or Three have gone for ever.

WE have consulted a high military authority upon certain points in the military situation at Chanak and in the Straits. His opinion was in the main as follows:—He thought (1) that to hold the entire line of the neutral zone against the Turks would require one army corps (say 40,000 men) at the front, together with a second army corps in reserve. (Foch's estimate was 100,000 men.) (2) With deep modern entrenchments, our troops now on the spot could probably cling on at Chanak itself, and an attack in force upon our position would cost Kemal a loss of 10,000 men. But (3) even if we held Chanak, our fleet would not be safe in the Straits, assuming that the Turks possess big mortars and would also send floating mines down the current, which runs always outward at about six knots in mid-stream. Much less would the fleet be safe if we held only the European side of the Straits. It is true that since the war we have perfected the finding of gun positions by sound, but movable mortars, firing from behind the hills, could frustrate this advantage and make the position of ships in the Straits intolerable. At the same time (4) he is doubtful whether the present Turkish troops can compare with the old Nizam against which we were pitted in the Dardanelles campaign.

THE Liberal manifesto on the situation comes a little late in the day, but it is sound and weighty. It declares for "collective [i.e., peaceful] action," for keeping the Straits open, and for using the good offices of the League, and against "isolated action," as "militarily unsound" and "a grave danger to the Empire." This declaration is moderately phrased; but it gives the country the proper lead, and the Government the proper warning against its war-policy.

MR. McKENNA has become a kind of financial world-conscience (the political one having disappeared), and we hope, therefore, that it will listen to him as he expounds the simple law and the equally readable prophets about reparations. The principle is that no country can pay war indemnities except out of a surplus left from its export of goods, after paying for necessary imports. Its application is that Germany has no such running surplus, and could only create one by cutting wages and profits and thus forcing all her competitors to do the same. She does happen, however, to have a realizable asset, in the shape of investments or balances in foreign banks. If these can be sold at a profit Germany might pay about a billion dollars (say £200,000,000) now; but she must then be granted a moratorium for at least three years. As for the rest of the Powers, they are all over-burdened with war debts; but England can and will pay America. Mr. McKenna

was too polite to apply to the Anglo-American case the argument that he used in the Allied-German one. But its bearing is pretty obvious.

THE new Reconstruction Supplement of the "Manchester Guardian" is also devoted to the subject of reparations. Mr. Keynes thinks that four preliminary conditions are essential to any lasting settlement: Germany must be assured of a moratorium to the end of 1923; reparation deliveries in kind must be abolished (except, of course, the goods directly needed for the devastated districts); the Reparation Commission must be dissolved and some of its duties that remain be handed over to the League of Nations; and military occupations must cease. Mr. Keynes suggests that the sum due should be fixed at £2,000 millions, and that it should be regarded as falling due in 1935; that Germany should be allowed discount at 6 per cent. for payments made before that date, and charged 6 per cent. on sums still due after that date. He would impose conditions which would secure that if German credit recovers, or if German trade recovers, the Allies should be paid off earlier. The Allies have to produce a workable scheme before the end of the year, or else find themselves in another crisis. Mr. Keynes's proposals, though they will strike rather cold to the lunatics who still think in terms of the 1918 election, offer a reasonable scheme. But we confess we prefer Mr. McKenna's—a reasonable payment down, and a long moratorium, or better still, a payment down, accompanied by a scheme of final quittance.

FOR something like twenty years Mr. W. R. Hearst, the acknowledged master of American "yellow" journalism, has been making periodic attempts to capture the Governorship of New York State as a half-way house to the Presidency. His defeat last week, more than usually drastic, in the fight for the nomination of the Democratic Party, may be taken as the end of his political ambitions. Mr. Hearst can, and frequently does, elect the Mayor of Greater New York, and many another high officer of city and State; but the extraordinary power of his newspapers has never been worth anything when used in his own behalf. The fact is significant, and is not without parallels in England. Mr. Hearst's successful competitor is Mr. Alfred Smith, who as Democratic Governor of New York was exceptionally popular. He is a moderate "Wet"; and it is noteworthy that while according him a unanimous nomination, the New York Democrats put into their platform a demand for a qualified Dry Law. This clearly implies that the Prohibition issue, veiled in 1920, will be openly tested at the polls next month.

THINGS have gone well with the Irish Government this week in the Dáil. The Dáil passed Article 17 of the Draft Constitution, which sets out the oath to be taken by deputies. Mr. Gavan Duffy proposed an amendment to make the taking of the oath optional, holding that this course was not incompatible with the Treaty, which did not specify any time or place in which the oath was to be taken. Mr. O'Higgins and Mr. Duggan both repudiated this interpretation of the Treaty. Mr. Johnson proposed that the representative of the Crown should take a different oath, promising to act on the advice of the Executive Council only, but the Dáil evidently thought that the safest course was to proceed without raising any further controversy. It is clear that there will be no serious trouble in the Dáil over the Constitution. The air has been cleared by the collapse of

the Post Office strike. "The unions accepted the Government offer of September 9th, by which the reductions are to be spread over a period of three months. There has been fighting in County Cork and in Kerry. In County Cork two villages have been captured, and it is stated that there is now only one village in the hands of the Irregulars, the village of Ballyvourney.

* * *

THE Irish Government have carried a resolution setting up military Courts "with full powers of inquiring into charges and inflicting punishment on persons found guilty of acts calculated to interfere with or delay the effective establishment of the authority of the Government." The Courts are to try persons for raiding, looting, arson, destruction, seizure of property, unauthorized possession of arms, or breach of any general order made by the Army authorities. Such an order is only valid if it has been laid on the table of the Dáil four days previously and no disallowing resolution has been passed. Every Court is to include one person of legal knowledge and experience. Mr. Duffy proposed that all punishments should be regulated by the principles of the Hague Convention of 1907, and that prisoners should be treated as prisoners of war, but both amendments were defeated. Mr. Figgis wanted to insert words limiting the cases in which the death penalty could be inflicted, and an amendment of his, that a death sentence must be signed by two members of the Army Council, was adopted. Another amendment proposing to treat all prisoners as prisoners of war was lost. On the day on which these resolutions were adopted there was a debate on a motion by Dr. McCartan that the Dáil should proclaim the necessity for an immediate truce, and appoint members to "negotiate terms." President Cosgrave said that the Government wanted to make it easy for the Irregulars to submit, but that an armed truce was impossible. There must be obedience to Parliament and there must be one army. Since then the Government have offered a pardon to all rebels, conditional on a surrender of arms.

* * *

THE Government have taken steps to re-establish civil administration. Mr. O'Higgins explained that the Government were setting up a Judicial Committee to make proposals for permanent arrangements. As a temporary measure the Government proposed to appoint district salaried magistrates who will act alone as Courts of Summary Jurisdiction. The Courts set up by Dáil Eireann during the Terror had served their immediate purpose very well, but they were not suitable as permanent institutions. The Government are also distributing Civic Guards who are unarmed, and these men are taking up duty in different parts of Ireland. Mr. Johnson applauded these arrangements, particularly the use of unarmed Civic Guards, though he hoped that the Sinn Féin Arbitration Courts would be re-established. Several deputies insisted that the Civic Guard must be as unlike the R.I.C. as possible, and one deputy announced that in his district parish guards would work with the Civic Guard.

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THE League of Nations Assembly ended last Saturday an eminently successful session, distinguished notably from its predecessors by a new spirit of optimism and self-reliance. Though the Assembly is not primarily an executive body, and too much may easily be expected of it in the way of tangible results, there is this year a good deal to show for the four weeks' work. What will actually come out of the resolutions on armaments remains to be seen. But it is something at any rate that

the League should have decided to summon a world conference to secure the universal application of the naval reduction principles accepted by five nations (and ratified by three) at Washington; and a further conference to evolve some method which the United States will not find it necessary to reject on sight for controlling the arms traffic and the evils of private manufacture. As for the main armaments proposal, Lord Robert Cecil's ambitious scheme for a general treaty of mutual defence, operative only in the interests of nations which have reduced their armaments to a specified level, it does at least bring the subject for the first time into the sphere of practical realities. In regard to such questions as mandates and the protection of minorities, most perilous of all the factors making for disturbance in Central Europe, the League has registered visible progress.

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BUT the rescue of Austria is the main achievement of the League of Nations in 1922. The credit belongs actually to the Council, to which the question was technically referred. But the fact that the Assembly was in session during the discussions, with the result that the pressure of a formidable collective opinion could be invoked when necessary, saved the negotiations from failure. Failure, indeed, in view of the history of the Austrian problem, and its treatment or lack of treatment at the hands of the Supreme Council, would have involved the League of Nations in no discredit. As it is, only the necessary foundations for ultimate success have been laid. Whether that success will ever be attained depends largely on the willingness of Austria to submit herself to the hard discipline by which alone she can regain a place among the self-sufficing nations. By the Geneva decisions her neighbors and all other Powers concerned undertake solemnly to refrain from taking political advantage of her plight; a loan of 650 million crowns, enough to cover the needs of the next two years, has been guaranteed by the three principal Allied Powers and Czecho-Slovakia; and Austria, on her part, has undertaken to carry out, without cavil, any measures decided on by the League's High Commissioner, who, it has been made perfectly clear, will be charged, not with safeguarding the interests of the lenders (who will have their own committee sitting at Geneva), but with getting Austria politically and economically on her feet. If the scheme proves workable, and works, chief credit will be due to Lord Balfour, Dr. Benes, and Sir Arthur Salter, the Economic Director of the League, and the chief discredit to Italy, who, for her own purposes, has done everything possible to make it fail.

* * *

THE dispute between this country and France over the conscription of British subjects in Tunis is to be referred to the Permanent Court of International Justice. The Court is thus invoked for the first time in a dispute between two Great Powers. On the merits of the controversy there appears, despite the pundits of the Quai d'Orsay, to be little room for doubt. Tunis being merely a French protectorate, France could have no shadow of justification for forcing French nationality on British subjects there (even though they were merely the native-born sons of Maltese parents), and her claim that this is purely a matter within her domestic jurisdiction is certain to be rejected by the Court. France has undertaken, in that event, to send the major issue to arbitration, though it would not be surprising if, on reflection, she decided to revoke the offending decrees and let the matter drop.

Politics and Affairs.

HOW MUCH LONGER?

"THE CABINET PROPAGANDISTS AND THE PRIME MINISTER'S SECRETARIAT YESTERDAY CONTINUED THE ISSUE OF WARLIKE STATEMENTS."—"Daily Mail" of September 30th.

In the words we quote above the "Daily Mail" of Saturday last "blew the gaff" on the attempt of the Prime Minister to range this country behind his Grand Bluff or his Great War. If the war has not come off, and the "bluff" is abandoned, we have to thank not the British Government but British soldiers, with (let us frankly say) the unwonted but the lucky co-operation of the Harmsworth Press. But let us first fix the responsibility for the alarm. The war suggestion of Saturday last did not proceed from the Foreign Office but from its Downing Street competitor. We are well within the mark when we say that the news of the situation in the Dardanelles which issued from the normal and proper organ of our foreign policy was, as usual, of a calm, unexciting character. The scare-mongers were the Downing Street Secretariat. Their operations were indeed disguised. The Downing Street war-dope was transmitted not as if it were a direct communication from the Government, but as a more or less independent reflection of the journalists' opinion. In this form, this "war suggestion" appeared to millions of readers of newspapers and newspaper placards as the alarmed state of mind of competent observers—"diplomatic correspondents," "political correspondents," "special correspondents," and the like. The internal evidence of these missives was conclusive of their common origin. But how many English people knew of the assemblage at Downing Street, or are in the habit of reading more than one paper, or are capable of the simplest act of criticizing the form and the content of a number of documents? To the mass of newspaper readers the spectacle of the entire Press breaking into a Greek chorus of alarmed observations merely testified to the gravity of the event. Take the Liberal "Daily News." On Saturday morning it spoke to its readers as follows:—

"Short of an actual outbreak of hostilities the situation is as ugly as it could be. . . . The present state of affairs cannot be allowed to continue with due regard to the safety of our forces. . . . If the Turks refuse to withdraw, there will be fighting. . . . If Turkey breaks the terms of Armistice she puts herself in a state of war with us."

The "Westminster" was not less fearful and admonitory. It seemed to its representative as if the situation was as grave as it could possibly be, and its readers were bound to conclude that this view was shared between it and the Government (in place of being the direct inspiration of the Prime Minister's Secretariat). "Our men," it added, "were hemmed in." The "Daily Chronicle," a devoted adherent of the Minister, could hardly over-state its concern, but was able to express it in phrasing identical with that of the "Westminster." "The British force," it declared, was "hemmed in at Chanak." Even that was not the worst, for "perhaps" Kemal's "main objective" was "not Chanak but Constantinople." The only comfort was that the Government "would give them [the soldiers] complete support in whatever steps they deemed necessary to demand and secure the withdrawal of the Turkish troops from the neutral zone." The "Manchester Guardian" was a little vague, but it, too, stood firm. It thought the week-end "fateful," and the situation one that could not "continue long." Happily the "Times" was able to throw a little light on the

Government's proposal to set the East in a blaze, by stating on "official" authority that General Harington was sending an ultimatum to the Turks demanding their retirement from the neutral zone, and that the Government had sent an "urgent" message to him fully supporting any action that he might take. This "official" information, according to General Maurice, who has obviously been in close touch with General Harington, was false. General Harington sent no ultimatum, but merely a pacific proposal for a meeting between the two staffs to arrange "a line of separation" between their forces. It was the Government which had made a "menacing pronouncement" in favor of a clearance of the neutral zone, and was thereby neutralizing the soldiers' "earnest efforts" "in the cause of peace."

It may now be hoped, therefore, that Mr. George's war for nothing is "off," and that his gamble for stakes he has given away beforehand will cease. Having realized that the country is against war, and having only spent some twenty to thirty millions—say the housing money of 100,000 "heroes," or the school money of more than half the nation—on a dangerous and futile demonstration, the Prime Minister may now permit our troops to retire from the mouse-trap into which he led them, and proceed (with some more or less worthless reserves, announced by the drum-beating process) to give the Turks what he alternately promised them and the Greeks. All that has happened is that the beneficiaries of Mr. George's very last betrayal have changed places with the victims of his last but one. The Turks will get Constantinople and Thrace, with Adrianople, and the Greeks will lose them; while Europe threshes out some more or less shifty formula, designed to cover a dozen incompatible ideas of what the "freedom of the Straits" should mean. For this, the peace of the world, and the safety of the country and the Empire, have been put in peril by every device open to a manœuvring sentimentalism, in fear of being found out. It was all quite futile. There never was a fair chance of retrieving the political situation from the moment when the George-Venizelos adventure in Asia Minor came to naught. The Empire must emerge without an ounce of credit from a transaction in which, through all the tiresome later stages of bargaining, we know that we must suffer from the fact that while no one trusts the Prime Minister, one party will think him secretly committed to the cause of the other, and prepared to advance it if the opportunity arises. We do not know that Mr. Lloyd George will do any more harm. But then you never can tell. The Prime Minister may take the defeat that no one asked him to incur; or he may rouse the Turks, in suspicion of a back stroke of his diplomacy, to be as stiff and unconciliatory as they know how. He may swear Eternal Peace. Or he may summon his Nonconformist Black-and-Tans to the most flagitious of Holy Wars.

Now it is not necessary to claim a wisdom as from on high for any school of thought or action that British statesmanship can supply—the old diplomacy, Gladstonian idealism, Salisbury's realistic method, or the international mind which the Labor Party affects—in order to conclude that almost any man of any political doctrine could do better than this. Some policy in the Near East must be at least relatively right. And if a policy is well chosen, it is the part of prudence to keep to it. But while the Prime Minister can be quoted for or against every possible opinion and line of action in Turkey and Asia Minor, his more deliberate choice has usually been for the wrong one. Having revived Armenia and deserted her; having given Smyrna to Italy and Greece; Asia Minor to Greece and Turkey

and the Powers; Constantinople to Russia, Turkey, and an international occupation; Thrace to Turkey, Greece, and Turkey again; having in turn opted for little or no Turkey, for a moderately sized Turkey, and for a Turkey virtually restored to the status of a Great Power, and having quarrelled with Italy or France, or both of them, on some of these questions, or on all, the British Government has been left finally alone, and finally helpless. Is that a misfortune, a thing to be borne, or even forgiven, for the reason that all our vacillating statesmen have some degree of responsibility for it? We think not. A temperate and reconciling gesture was the only resource left to this country after the failure of the Greek expedition. Mr. George was bound to a policy of peace, not merely by his own swelling profession of it to his Nonconformists, but by the intelligence, conveyed to him a score of times through a hundred witnesses, that India was bent with passion on a settlement with Islam. If by this time, therefore, all the British Parties—those of the Right no less than of the Left—fail to understand that the kinks in Mr. George's mind and character forebode the inevitable defeat of England in her enterprises and policies, there is no teaching them. We must simply accept a fifty per cent. discount off our remaining stock of success and good repute, and have done with it.

WAR ON TAP.

IN the foregoing article we have dealt with the general position of Mr. Lloyd George. We will now examine in detail the relation of his policy to the actual situation on the Dardanelles. "On Friday evening and again on Saturday morning," we are told by the daily papers, "the majority of the Cabinet considered that war with Turkey was inevitable." To readers of history and newspapers the phrase had a familiar sound. War has always (and only) been inevitable in the mouths of statesmen whose policy required war or who required war to extricate them from the mess of their own policy. That was why Mr. George's war drums were beating a steady, if subdued, tattoo all through the week. His knowledge of statesmanship is confined to its tricks, and he has been and still is trying—happily with little success—the old trick of either making us forget his crimes and follies in an inevitable war or of acquiring merit by appearing to save us from it. That there was nothing at all left for us to fight about did not trouble the Prime Minister; in these days, he seems to think, anything is good enough to start a war on. In his original call to arms, the inevitable war was to be fought for the freedom of the Straits, which the Turks had already promised to give him, but which by some mysterious process had been so hallowed in the Great War that it was necessary for Great Britain and the Dominions to fight for it all over again. Eight days ago war was inevitable, because four thousand Turks were advancing into a small, arbitrary, and perfectly useless piece of Turkish territory which Mr. George called a neutral zone. Seven days ago the Turks had stopped advancing, but war was inevitable if they did not withdraw. Six days ago the Turks were withdrawing, and the moment was considered opportune for announcing that we should have to fight them, unless they withdrew *completely*.

Mr. George and Mr. Churchill either want war or want us to think that they are, with great difficulty, saving us from it. Unfortunately for them, every day is showing more clearly that they have left us nothing, save dishonor, to fight for, and national dishonor is about

the only thing in the world that you cannot get a nation to fight for. Hence the gradual dwindling of the devices upon the successive banners which the Prime Minister unfurls, from Christianity, civilization, and the freedom of the Straits to Chanak. It is important to stress this point, because political tricksters, like the Prime Minister, take advantage of the fact that events in a crisis move so fast and change so rapidly that the man in the street often is not fully aware that the situation on Monday has become completely different from the situation of Saturday. Thus the situation has completely changed even in the two or three weeks since Mr. George proclaimed his abortive Jihad, and it is only by looking back over the intervening events that one can see that even those excuses for war which Mr. George and the bellicose members of the Cabinet trumped up then no longer exist.

We were originally to fight the Turks in order to protect the freedom of the Straits and to prevent them crossing into Thrace and Constantinople. Within a week we had promised them Constantinople and Eastern Thrace, provided that they did not cross the Straits or enter the "neutral zones" until the conference had met and given them everything which they had asked for. It is this neutral zone which the Prime Minister has been using ever since as the *agent provocateur* of war. It is a characteristic example of his political method. What is this neutral zone? If you look at a map, you find that the neutral zones are isolated blocks of territory on both sides of the Straits and Sea of Marmora. Gallipoli is a neutral zone, and so is a block of territory about Chanak on the opposite side of the Dardanelles, and then, separated by a long strip of the Southern coast of the Sea of Marmora, there is another block of territory in Asia Minor opposite Constantinople. As soon as Mr. George's Greek adventure had failed, and it was clear that every Greek soldier would be driven out of Asia Minor, the French and Italians removed their troops from the neutral zone of Chanak. They did so for two reasons. The first was military. Their soldiers advised them that, if the Turks attacked Chanak, it could only be held by an enormous army which the Allies had not available. The other reason was political. France and Italy, they argued, are at one with Britain in insisting upon the freedom of the Straits and on preventing the spread of the Turkish-Greek hostilities from Asia Minor to Europe. But both these ends can be obtained by diplomatic pressure upon Turkey, and neither can be obtained by marooning small forces of Allied troops in an untenable position in Asia Minor, where it will be extremely difficult to prevent them coming into conflict with the victorious Turkish army.

Events have proved that the French and Italians were right. The Prime Minister insisted upon maintaining the British forces at Chanak. He had, as we have pointed out, promised the Turks Constantinople; he pledged his word to give them Eastern Thrace; he surrendered to them the ruins of Smyrna, the Armenians, and other minorities. But he would not withdraw a man from Chanak. The Turks must respect the sacred and neutral territory of Chanak, or war was inevitable. The reasons given for this "firm attitude" were as shifting as the policy. At first the neutral zone had to be maintained in order to protect the freedom of the Straits. The excuse was so thin that it could only serve for a week or so, since Kemal was quite ready to guarantee to Mr. George the illusive "freedom" which he asked for, and, if the Turks were not inclined to do so, they could not be overawed by a few squadrons of the 3rd Hussars isolated at Chanak. So the excuse shifted. The neutral zone must be maintained in order to prevent the Turks

from crossing to Europe and carrying fire and sword into Eastern Thrace. The reason was equally disingenuous, for it was obvious that, even if the small zone opposite Gallipoli and the small zone opposite Constantinople could be held, it was not these two isolated outposts in Asia Minor which could prevent the Turkish army crossing into Thrace, but the Allied Fleet which commanded and controlled the intervening waters, supported, it may be, by a full army of occupation on the Asiatic and European shores.

The only other reason put forward for maintaining the British forces at Chanak was "prestige." Prestige is the last refuge of the bellicose statesman, but it is a curious word in the mouth of the Prime Minister. For over a century the notions of national honor and prestige have been the curse of Europe; they were the pollen which so often fertilized nationalism and economic imperialism and made them ripe for war. But while foreign policy was still conducted by aristocrats and under the aristocratic tradition, they had at least some glimmer of a meaning. The old diplomacy, of Bismarck, of Lord Salisbury, of Lord Grey and Lord Curzon, with all its faults conducted foreign affairs superficially in the grand manner; the words "national honor" and "prestige" on their lips were not simply ridiculous. But Mr. George's school of diplomacy has all the faults of the old and none of its superficial virtues; his diplomatic methods and manners are those of the underworld, and for him to talk of "national honor" is as absurd as for a *sansculotte* to talk of the "honor of a gentleman." After the last two years of his policy, you may search from Constantinople to Peking, and you will not find that the Prime Minister has left Great Britain anywhere a shred of prestige; the notion that anything more could be lost by withdrawing the Hussars from Chanak shows to what straits the bellicose wing of the Cabinet had been reduced in its effort to maintain a *casus belli*.

That, in fact, has been at the base of all the Prime Minister's manoeuvres throughout the last two weeks. He had to keep a *casus belli* up his sleeve. He and Mr. Churchill would almost certainly have flung it on the table more than once, if they had not been restrained by the more pacific members of the Cabinet and the overwhelming current of popular feeling against war. But after the manifesto and the ignominious capitulation to the Turks and French, they still had to keep war or the threat of war "on tap," or the complete bankruptcy of their former policy would have become too obvious. Hence when the soldiers or the French or the Turks themselves made any move which promised a rapid ending of the crisis, an answering move had to be made in London, and war once more had to become inevitable. Luckily we had a General at Constantinople who somehow or other always managed to receive the "strongly worded instructions" from London too late to act upon them.

THE DÁIL AND THE CONSTITUTION.

A CLOSE study of the debates in the Dáil gives a favorable impression both of the character of that body and of the prospects of the Constitution. They show clearly that there is no desire to throw over the Treaty. Mr. Gavan Duffy, who is the most active of the critics, has expressly reaffirmed his adherence to it. And from the nature of the support given to Ministers, it is plain that the Dáil is too anxious to get Irish government into working order to run risks over form or phrase. It is indeed this overwhelming necessity, rather than any consideration for outside dangers, that governs the situa-

tion. Ireland is paying the penalty of Mr. de Valera's tactics. Mr. Johnson complained the other day that if the Dáil has to pass certain articles of the Constitution, on pain of losing the Government, it is not what Mr. Griffith promised that it should be—a sovereign Constitution-making assembly.

The complaint may be just, but what is the answer? The answer, of course, is that Ireland is making her Constitution under a shadow: the shadow of anarchy. Events in Ireland might have so fallen out that an Irish body could have discussed every word and line of the Constitution at its leisure with complete freedom. But Mr. de Valera would not allow this. If he would have agreed last winter to an election on the Treaty issue, Ireland would have returned a Dáil that accepted the Treaty, and the construction of the Constitution, external and internal, would have been the task of that body. If the English Government had contended when the Constitution was framed that it was not in accordance with the Treaty, the specific issues that were raised would have been debated between the two Governments. They might in the last resort have been referred to arbitration or to the Imperial Conference. With Ireland united in accepting the Treaty, and in maintaining order, there would have been no pressing need for haste, and these issues might have remained in suspense without injury or danger to Irish interests.

Mr. de Valera and his party have prevented this. They were anxious that the Treaty should remain in suspense as long as possible, looking upon the disorder, impatience, and growing difficulties of Ireland as a force on their side. They argued that if Ireland held out against the Treaty, she would get Document Number Two. The effect of their action has been just the reverse. They made it impossible for Ireland to push with all her weight. Those Ministers who acted for her had a time limit, because as Irish events had developed, they were obliged to publish the Irish Constitution by a certain date. Further, they were in the great difficulty of representatives acting for a country which had not finally declared its will; it would have been much easier to argue out phrase and formula with the English representatives if the Treaty itself had been accepted. In the third place, Irish Ministers in these circumstances could not afford to have a great controversy over this or that phrase added to the confusion of Irish politics. It was clear that Ireland would die of Constitutional controversy if this warfare of words was prolonged. Thus the Irish Ministers were at a great disadvantage, and the Constitution, in points of form, reflects these difficulties. This reflection, however, is only in form. Most Irishmen see that nothing has been conceded in substance. For every form is in the long run controlled by the formula of the second article of the Treaty which speaks of "the law, practice, and constitutional usage governing the relationship of the Crown or the representative of the Crown, and of the Imperial Parliament, to the Dominion of Canada." There was some debate in the Dáil over Article 12 of the Constitution, which declares that the legislature shall consist of "the King and two Houses." Some members suggested that this article gave the Crown the power to override the will of the Irish Parliament. But no Irishman who knows anything of the relationship of the Crown to the Dominions has any such delusion.

Ireland has the most complete protection on this point, for it follows from the form of the Treaty that the Crown can claim no powers in the case of the Irish Parliament which it cannot claim in the case of Canada. Consequently, if any British Government were so reckless as to try to control an Irish Parliament it would have

to be prepared for a first-class quarrel with the other Dominions. The speech made by Mr. Gavan Duffy in supporting his proposal to delete the words "the King" was not a very impressive or, we imagine, a very serious effort, but it was left to some other deputy to suggest that Ireland's concession on this point was a concession of anything more than a form. Ireland takes her place by her Treaty and her Constitution in a group of States which have individually and collectively every motive for maintaining the rights that attach to their status. The wise Irishman who sees that what his country needs and what it wants is settled Government, will not put himself out over every formula, because, for one thing, he knows that he will be in a very strong position to resist any aggression, if aggression were attempted, on the strength of that formula, while he cannot afford the delay involved in quarrelling over the formula itself.

A good illustration of the way in which constitutional practice tempers these forms is provided by the case of the appeal to the Privy Council. Article 65 of the Constitution contains these two sentences: "The decision of the Supreme Court (of the Irish Free State) shall in all cases be final and conclusive, and shall not be reviewed or capable of being reviewed by any other Court, Tribunal, or Authority whatsoever. Provided that nothing in this Constitution shall impair the right of any person to petition His Majesty for special leave to appeal from the Supreme Court to His Majesty in Council, or the right of His Majesty to grant such leave." If there had been no stipulation for this right of appeal, Ireland would have been distinguished from the other Dominions. None of the Dominions are happy about this right, and it is pretty certain either that the right will disappear or that the arrangements of the Judicial Committee will be so reformed as to remove these objections. Certain restrictions have been put on the right. Thus the Australian Constitution forbids appeal in constitutional cases involving the rights of the Commonwealth and the States, or of the States *inter se*, without

the sanction of the High Court. The South African Constitution, like the Irish, allows appeals only from the Supreme Court, and Dr. Keith says that the Privy Council has interpreted the clause as rendering it undesirable to exercise the right of hearing appeals from that decision in any save the most exceptional circumstances. In Canada an appellant may carry his case either to the Supreme Court or to the Privy Council, and if an appellant chooses the local Court, the Privy Council will normally refuse leave for a further appeal.

But though the exercise of the right is thus restricted and discouraged, it still causes dissatisfaction, and not merely as wounding local pride. For it favors the rich as against the poor, and a case is sometimes heard by a Court that does not understand the local history or atmosphere. Sir Robert Borden and Mr. Rowell in Canada, Mr. Burton in South Africa, Mr. Hughes in Australia, have all spoken strongly in criticism of the system. Dr. Keith holds that "there is no sufficient ground to justify the retention of the present system of appeals." It would not be surprising if a system so little liked in the Dominions excited even greater disfavor in Ireland, where there would be a special disposition to suspect the justice dispensed by the Judicial Committee. But there are good reasons, as Mr. Darrell Figgis points out in his little book on "The Irish Constitution" (Mellifont Press, 2s. 6d.), for preserving some system of appeal. In a complex of States some common Appeal Court is desirable, and the setting up of Ireland as a Free State is itself an argument for some such Court, because legal and constitutional disputes between England and Ireland may arise out of the Treaty. There are therefore good reasons for examining very thoroughly the case for setting up a single Court of Appeal on which the Dominions would be permanently represented. Some of the Dominions, notably South Africa and Newfoundland, were shy of this proposal at the last Imperial Conference, but it ought at any rate to receive very serious consideration.

THE DECAPITATED CITY.

[By HENRY W. NEVINSON.]

VIENNA.

AGES ago, in the old Regent Street Polytechnic, Professor Pepper used to exhibit a miracle which, defying derivations, he called "The Decapitated Head." The curtain rose, and upon a bare table one perceived a large bowl in which rested a ghastly, bleeding head that slowly opened its filmy eyes, rolled heavily from side to side, groaned, and uttered the lamentable words: "Oh, misery! Oh, misery!" If, instead of groaning, the head had smiled with a sweet, polite, and melancholy expression, saying only, "Dear me! Dear me!" it would have served as a symbol of this distressful and charming city. Speaking of the city's health, someone lit upon the diagnosis, "Hopeless, but not serious." It is as good a description as could be found.

For Vienna is like a head cut off from its body, but alive; enfeebled, but cheerful; almost bloodless, but smiling still. She has lost the limbs that served her with food and strength, but she keeps the brains. Fine, strong limbs they were, fit to carry out the behests of the imaginative and thinking mind, but they have been hewn away, and one can only hope they may, in time, develop brains of their own, for they lack brains at present. But our question is, What is to become of the decapitated head? Or, to change the illustration, I have

heard Austria compared to a beautiful mansion, once surrounded by wide and fertile estates, now curtailed to a slip of garden and a back yard. It is no good telling the inhabitants: "Look what a beautiful house you have! You may go on living in it, with our compliments!" The situation justifies those of us who protested, long before the so-called Peace, against the ruthless division of the old Austrian Empire.

"We are living on our past," a member of the former aristocracy said to me, and I was not so impolite as to say: "Yes, and you are spending your future." "One can continue living on one's past for a considerable time," she went on, and she did not simply mean that the city, like herself and all her class, lives by selling its old treasures and valuable possessions. There is, I suppose, a certain prestige in age and former grandeur which almost counts for credit. In age and every kind of former grandeur Vienna is peculiarly rich. Here Marcus Aurelius shuffled off the coil of Empire, and here Western culture turned the tide against the Turk. That is a well-worn story, but it has its significance just now, and we ought to find similar significance in the bulwark that Vienna has long presented, and but for that fatal Peace might still present, against the semi-barbaric Slav. The prestige of mind is hers as well, for here was the

home of Haydn, Gluck, and Mozart. Here one may still see the widely scattered old houses in which Beethoven wrote the greatest symphonies and sonatas. Here is still the bowling alley where the melody of the "Ständchen" suddenly sprang in Schubert's mind while he was playing bowls. And here, still, is Freud, ever ready to console your heart by exposing all manner of complexes and inhibitions lying latent in it, equally foul and unsuspected.

Those kinds of prestige may not be much to live upon. Turks and Slavs are again out upon the road of conquest, nor could a past reputation for mind preserve even Athens from destruction. But Vienna lies enshrouded in the grey mantle of another kind of grandeur, appealing more directly to the hearts of the ordinary people who have dwelt around her. One may call it the Imperial grandeur, for it is descended from the ages when Vienna's Emperor represented, not only the heritage of Rome, but God's own temporal power here on earth. When one remembers what was implied in the title of Emperor and the long succession, the Spirits Ironie and the Spirits of the Pities are felt pervading the scene. I felt them hovering around me when, by invitation of President Hainisch (reputed a wise and honorable landowner, with gentle Fabian proclivities), I sat in the private box of the Hapsburgs to witness a superb performance of Mozart's "Don Juan," in the very city where it was composed, and perhaps on the very site where it was first performed. Still more did I feel them hovering near as I wandered through the vast palaces of the Burg and Schönbrunn, gazing in melancholy astonishment at the interminable series of gilded chambers, boudoirs, reception rooms, banqueting halls, studies (used for some purpose, no doubt), chambers of mirrors, chambers of Chinese art, and bedrooms fitted with gilt and brocaded furniture, amid which it must have required great courage to undress and hang up one's clothes for the night.

There was Maria Theresa's own bed, vast in breadth beyond the dreams of matrimony (and, indeed, the poor woman had fifteen children to sport on it); there is her enormous clock, warranted to go three years without winding up—the same time that a she-elephant goes with young; there is the little bed on which the poor, imprisoned L'Aiglon died, child of such fond ambitions; there is the iron bed on which simple-hearted, stupid, unfortunate, and venerable Franz Josef slept and died, hardly ever awake to the roar of conflict which he had partly aroused while he nodded sleepily at his desk; and, to me the most ironic and pitiful of all, on nearly all the walls hang pictures of glorious battles long forgotten, and portraits of delicate and exquisitely dressed princes and princesses, all long forgotten too, though once untouchable as Divinity. Why! I have met here a beautiful young woman who was one of seven little girls appointed as a privilege to attend a little Archduchess, and to be whipped in turn whenever the little Archduchess did anything that deserved a beating. She is a very charming young woman. What the little Archduchess has grown into I do not know.

Even to enjoy vicarious whipping one had to show six or eight quarterings on one's scutcheon, without a single bar sinister, and the line between those who had entrance to Court (*Hofähig*) and those who had not was as rigid as the face of morality or a bar dexter, if there is such a thing. It is incredible that one man, one family, should have claimed so many rooms to live in—I suppose there are at least a thousand in both big palaces together, to say nothing of palaces scattered round the country—and now all the pride and glory have departed. One floor is converted into an orphan-

age; other chambers are used for offices; common mortals; having no quarterings at all, and perhaps any amount of bars sinister, range through the Imperial intimacies as through a museum; they wander about the spacious gardens, scenes of Imperial revelries and *amours*, as though they had never been such; and among the sublime aristocracy the men must work and women must weep. Fair play to them, they do try to work, and they generally do the weeping in secret. In an establishment founded and endowed for the old widows of distinguished officers and nobles, there are now sixty ladies living on an income still nominally the same as ever, but possessing the purchasing power of about 7s. 6d. in our money. But for the small, though persistent, help within the means of our Quakers, they would starve and shiver out of this democratic world; but they starve and shiver in pride and silence. In another case, a well-born but not aristocratic lady, who now keeps a school, has met the difficulty of a rapidly depreciating currency by making the parents pay in terms of bread—the price of four loaves a week for every hour's instruction per day, so that if the child is taught for four hours a day, the parent pays the price of sixteen loaves, which, I think, would come to about five shillings of our money.

One class at least that can be said to live upon its past is the official, since, but for the past, most of the officials would not be living at all. I suppose the enormous majority of them to be entirely useless. Take an instance. There has been a *Messe* or Fair held lately in the Prater or public park. It was the usual dreary show of machinery and tiresome inventions such as we sometimes have inflicted upon us in the Agricultural Hall. The charge for admission was 3,000 Kronen (nominally about £120, and really about twopence-halfpenny). I planked down my notes and asked for a ticket. "Oh, no, sir! You must get a pass at the other door first." I went to the other door and had to fill in a long document, giving my birthplace, my age, my profession, my wife's name, and the number of my children—just the sort of nonsense that the broody bureaucrats in our own passport office demand, except that I had not to stick my portrait on it. Having presented this testimonial at the ticket door, I was then allowed to pay my twopence-halfpenny and enter. In the crowds of officials, in the entire disappearance of rent, and the general disappearance of fixed interest on capital, Vienna is now enjoying the main advantages of State Socialism. Wages also at present continue to rise in proportion to the cost of living as shown by the monthly "Index." But whether the working people are better off or worse off than before the war and revolution is a vexed and difficult question. The Socialist Party tries to stop the only trade that really flourishes, unless speculation can be called a trade; I mean the manufacture of "luxuries." The Party has succeeded in imposing an export tax of 12 per cent. on "luxuries," as being unworthy of workers' democracy. Still the horrible bourgeois goes on flourishing; for the various States and races of the Near East clamor for "luxuries," fondly believing that in "luxuries" lies the secret of the "European" civilization which they covet.

Of the Movement of Youth—the "Jugendbewegung"—I have not space to speak here. On the mental or spiritual side, it is a severance from tradition quite as decided as the social or political revolution. It is a revolt against what Youth regards as the profound untruthfulness of traditional religion and morality. One feels in it the influence of Nietzsche most strongly, though it owns other teachers. What Rousseau was to youth in the eighteenth century one may say Nietzsche is to the youth of Austria now—Nietzsche who proclaims the love

of Earth or Nature, the close and immediate contact with life (*Unmittelbarkeit*), the hatred of "that cold-hearted monster the State" and all its armies and detestable enormities. To combine the development of individual personality with the high service of future mankind is their problem.

THE NEW FREE TRADE MOVEMENT.

BY THE SECRETARY OF THE COBDEN CLUB.

I.

THE effects of the world war on the question of International Free Trade have been paradoxical. On the one hand, a situation has been created in which protective tariffs are far more mischievous than ever, and a large measure of International Free Trade becomes an essential condition of any return to prosperity and any security for peace; while, on the other, the nations are everywhere erecting new tariff walls or building higher those already in existence. The conflict between the pressure of fact, compelling nations to wider economic intercourse, and a panicky nationalism urging each country to aim at self-containment, was never more acute. At a time when internationalism is an imperative need, the international mind on which it must be founded hardly exists.

From the Free Trader's point of view there is one consoling factor. Before the war there were strong Free Trade parties in Great Britain and Holland alone; the protests made by Free Traders in other lands having practically no influence on the ideas of their countrymen or the policies of their rulers. The dogmas of Protection were taken for granted, and the propaganda of such bodies as the American Free Trade League and the "Ligue du Libre Echange" in France hardly received any attention. Certainly there were Free Traders in all countries where economics were studied at all, and impressive lists of names were included in the published reports of the first two International Free Trade Congresses, London, 1908, and Antwerp, 1910; but the support came mostly from academic sources—the general mass of the public knew little and cared less about the question.

The war changed this condition of apathy into one of conflict, though there is little sign that statesmen were conscious of the fact. Up to the time of its outbreak the practice of European statesmen corresponded fairly well with their Protectionist ideas; from the moment hostilities began, it cannot be said that their expedients have been based on any fiscal principle whatever. Early in the war the Cobden Club procured from the Board of Trade a list of the duties on food or materials which had been suspended in various countries, hostile, allied, and neutral, up to that time. The list was astonishing, and proved that, for the time being, the pressure of circumstances had broken to pieces the European Protective system, at least as far as foodstuffs were concerned. The necessities of the war soon compelled the belligerents to apply, as far as they could, an aggravated system of Protection to their enemies, while struggling to obtain a free supply of imports for themselves. This, indeed, was obviously the cause both of the British blockade and of the German submarine policy. A system of Protection was applied to the enemy in war, differing chiefly in being far more drastic than ordinary tariff policy.

But while circumstances were thus compelling statesmen to recognize in action the value of Free Trade, their views and public pronouncements were more Protectionist than ever. Friedrich Naumann, a member of the German Reichstag and a former Free Trader, published his book advocating a Zollverein of the Central Powers, while

Free Trade members of the British Cabinet gave their consent to the famous Paris Resolutions, essentially Protectionist in spirit, from the reproach of which they have never recovered. Wherever, too, freedom of trade was not an immediate and vital necessity, as in the case of foodstuffs, new tariffs were erected, embargoes on exports were imposed, trade was restricted and hampered in every possible way. Whenever rulers during recent years have acted upon their theories, they have been more Protectionist than ever; whenever they have given way to the pressure of circumstances, they have been driven in the direction of Freer Trade.

The European tariff system to-day is a chaos. Before the war duties averaging about 12s. a quarter prevented the free circulation of corn from land to land. How far, if at all, these duties have been restored I do not know, but it is hardly likely that the half-starved peoples of the Continent will allow such barriers to be re-erected. As far as Central Europe is concerned, the food tariffs have so far not been reimposed, and my informants in Austria say there is no probability that they ever will be. But numberless absurd embargoes and tariffs restrict the passage of raw materials and manufactures, and prevent the restoration of prosperity and good feeling among the afflicted peoples of Europe.

It is well to bear in mind this conflict between the harsh necessities of the position driving things one way, and the national animosities and the illusions of politicians working in the opposite direction. The effect, as far as my present purpose is concerned, must be to make the issue, Free Trade or Protection, no longer an academic one on the Continent. If, as yet, no European Cobden has appeared, the ground is at least prepared for him when he does. The agony of the "Hungry Forties" in England was but a shadow compared to the terrible conditions prevailing in Europe to-day, very largely because of the lack of the same remedy for which Cobden, backed by the starving people of England, fought, and which he attained.

That this is beginning to be recognized on the Continent is proved by the remarkable progress shown in the Free Trade movement there, partly in its extent, and even more in the manifestations given of a new fighting temper. Two years ago, only four countries—Great Britain, Holland, the United States, and France—had any Free Trade organizations at all, at least known to the present writer. British Free Traders, more immediately concerned with the struggle at home, had almost given up the hope of seeing their ideas become practical politics abroad. In 1919 came the first indications of a change. Appeals came to the Cobden Club from Holland, Switzerland, and Austria for the summoning of an International Free Trade Congress immediately, in view of the already grave condition of affairs on the Continent. Thus the initiative, or at least the first suggestion, for a new move among Free Traders, came from abroad, a significant novelty in itself; hitherto, international discussions had generally been started by this country.

Though Free Traders, unlike their opponents, can meet in friendly International Congresses, the atmosphere was too heated in 1919 even for them, and it was perhaps a daring experiment to summon an International Conference in London in the following year. This, however, was done at the invitation of the Cobden Club, and from this Conference—held in the Caxton Hall in October, 1920, but not counted officially among the Congresses—may be dated the beginning of the new International Free Trade movement. The membership of the Conference included representatives of twenty nations, including two of the British Overseas Dominions. Interesting papers were read, and the proceedings were widely noted, especially in the foreign Press. At a

special session of the Conference members, the project of creating a permanent International Free Trade body was considered and approved. The Conference was not, however, in a position to form such an organization offhand, the chief difficulty being that which had stood in the way before the war, the fewness of the national organizations. Before you can form an International Federation of Free Trade bodies of a representative character, there must be a considerable number of national organizations to federate. These, largely owing to the purely academic character of the movement before the war in Europe, existed, as I have said, only in four countries.

The meeting, in consequence, charged the Cobden Club with a double task: the Club was to draw up a scheme for a permanent International to present for acceptance to the next or third International Congress, which it was agreed should be held in Holland, and in the meantime to ascertain by correspondence whether the Free Traders of countries then unorganized were prepared to form national bodies of their own.

(To be concluded.)

A London Diary.

LONDON, THURSDAY.

I IMAGINE the country has no idea how it was "operated on" by the war-party in the Cabinet last Saturday, and the means that were taken to bamboozle it. Let me describe the process from the lips of one of its victims, a well-known journalist who attended the Downing Street Conference of Friday, out of which the whole trouble arose. He had previously been to the Foreign Office, and had quite a reassuring communication. Then came the Downing Street meeting, at which the assembled journalists were told that our men were "hemmed in," that war was imminent, and the rest of it. The journalists were not permitted to state this on the authority of the Government. They were to take the responsibility themselves. Happily the country did not respond, while the Cabinet orders sent out to Harington did not arrive soon enough to affect the more peaceful situation there. But my friend protests against the whole proceedings, by which, he says, "the war-party in the Cabinet gain the support of the Press, and at the same time shut their mouths by forbidding any reference to the origin of the poisonous stuff they serve out as official." "I rarely attend these conferences," he adds, "but I was struck by the levity of the proceedings. . . . It is one thing to go to Downing Street to ask for information as to facts, on which one is free to draw one's own conclusions; and quite another to attend these Press levées, where we are all made to dance to the Government's tune, without even being allowed to say what we think. It is, of course, a matter of serious consideration for newspapers whether they can afford to cut communications with Downing Street. But the evil is great, and a stand should be made against it. Otherwise we shall one day have a war, and the Press will be held to be fully as responsible as Lloyd George himself. This very nearly happened on Friday night, and I don't remember to have spent such a bad week-end since August, 1914."

Now there is the chance of having it out with the diplomacy of 10, Downing Street. There seems to be no reasonable doubt that (1) neither Lord Curzon nor

Lord Peel knew about the Manifesto before its issue; (2) that the Foreign Office had nothing to do with the warlike missive of Friday night; (3) that General Harington abstained from issuing the ultimatum to the Turks round Chanak which the Cabinet authorized him to deliver; (4) that the active management of the crisis was given over to Mr. George and Mr. Churchill. In addition, one would like to know (1) whether Lord Curzon knew of the Government's intention to cede Thrace to the Turks before he went to Paris and had his momentous (and, it is said, very stormy) interview with M. Poincaré; (2) what the Government really charge against the French, and what ground exists for the insinuations in the "Chronicle" of their bad faith; (3) what were the reasons, military and political, for the French withdrawal from Chanak, and what ground was there for supposing that the Turks ever intended military action against us. These are some of the matters for an energetic Opposition to explore and expose.

I SEE no reason in the outcry against M. Venizelos and his reception by the Foreign Office. The Greek campaign in Asia was promoted by us, and Greece has a right, in the hour of her misfortune, to resort to London and to be represented by her ablest citizen. Moreover, the danger to her nationals in Thrace and to the whole Christian population is serious. Thrace is to go to Turkey. That is done and cannot now be undone. But the Powers cannot allow an uncovenanted Turkish invasion—by an army full of irregulars, and poorly controlled by its officers—of a region overrun by the remains of a defeated expedition and full of excited and terrified people. We want no more massacres, and we cannot trust the Turks to abstain from them. And it is for the Powers to devise the machinery of prevention. Until it is organized it would be folly to allow the Turk to cross the Sea of Marmora; and one cannot think so badly of the French as to suppose that they will encourage him to risk such an adventure. Thrace is temporarily in the ward of the Allies. They will probably have to garrison it; and if they accept a Turkish gendarmerie they must be persuaded of its discipline and trustworthiness; and most of us will say pretty firmly that there should be an ample provision of European officers. Even this may prove to be insufficient; and the best Turkish force will need watching by European contingents. Kemal will find that in this matter our divisions will cease, and that he will have something like a European concert to deal with.

MANY men, even the case-hardened and unimaginative politicals, are beginning to feel that we must apply, not merely a new form, but a new spirit, to the healing of the quarrel of Christianity with Islam. No observer can give the more idealistic religion a moral superiority on the East European practice of it. I speak as a reasonable admirer of the Greeks. They are an able people, with a future. But I heard a Christian minister—a man of high education, great ability, and the impartiality of mind that often comes of personal contact with Eastern races and ideas—describe, as an eye-witness, the Greek massacre in Smyrna. It was a tale of treachery and horror. About 500 Moslems were killed, and hundreds of bodies were stripped and thrown naked into the sea to avoid identification. He counted twenty-seven corpses in a single Morgue. The Greek soldiers tore the fezzes off the head of every Turk they met, and seized their officers, and in many cases bayoneted and tortured them. So enraged were our own sailors that their officers,

revolver in hand, had difficulty in preventing them from jumping off their ships and attacking the Greeks. Looting and outrage took place all over the Moslem quarters in the town and its suburbs. Later on I was assured that the Foreign Office had a full report of this barbarity, and a high official confirmed in a sentence my own account of it.

HERE then is the moral difficulty. The story of Islam is stained with massacre, and the Turk, throughout his long history, must rank as a non-civilizing force. But he cannot be accused of the vital irreligiousness of his Christian neighbors. I can only say that I hardly realized what religion was till I looked on at the congregation in a Mohammedan mosque in Smyrna during the month of Ramadan, and watched the fasting porters wash in the fountains in the little court outside. Therefore the problem is for the Christian to practise his own faith in its high atmosphere of tolerance and submissive modesty, and for the Mohammedan to realize that there is a Christianity which he can respect. For, in fact, while there is no Christian spirit but only a political "Christian" *revanche* for the loss of the old Greek Empire (a great disaster to the world) there can be no peace in the Balkans or in Asia Minor, even if the conflicting Christian claims to the Greek heritage could ever be reconciled. They cannot; and because they cannot the Turks are there and return. The task of Western statesmanship is to preach an eirenicon, and to offer its services to arrange a working scheme of Government.

THE events of the last three weeks have naturally hastened the Conservative movement for re-organization as a separate Party in the State. The difficulty is who will be the leader. Sir George Younger's speech has, I imagine, been misunderstood. He wants to go a little slow, when the Die-Hards are all for going fast; and when the time comes, to confront the Prime Minister not with a schism but with an independent and united party. For this purpose some central figure to rally to is necessary. Lord Derby is not representative or able enough; and Mr. Law, of great weight in the Commons, is not an outside figure of sufficient consequence. The Duke of Devonshire is not known enough; and Lord Salisbury is not detached enough. I imagine another Elder Statesman, whose identity may be guessed, as the eventual choice of the party for Tory leadership; or in the event of a success at the polls, for a Tory Prime Minister. There need be no formal breach. Mr. Lloyd George may accept "the new situation," and retire, much on the ground on which Mr. Gamp lost the society of Mrs. Gamp—namely, "incompatibility in their drinks." Demagogy and Toryism have supped together and bedded together, and the ragged household has come to grief. There is no longer a tie of interest; only a jangling chain. But the longer-headed Tory is determined that when the severance comes Mr. George shall not be in a position to destroy his Party, as he has destroyed the Liberal Party. That I suppose to be the key to Sir George Younger's speech, which has so moved the "Morning Post."

THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM said something the other week on the danger to the village if the decline in agriculture went on. One way of arresting it has lain in the strengthening of its intellectual and social life. And one very promising way of revival is in the provision of Village Institutes. That is not my view in particular;

it was the view of the Ministry of Reconstruction. Now the Village Clubs Association and other bodies which happen to include both the Farmers' Union and the Agricultural Laborers' Union, have an excellent plan for founding not one such institute but many. Army huts are scattered all over England, tenantless and rotting in the sun and the rain. Many of them are well adapted for turning into village clubs, and some have already been converted into them. The associations I mentioned have lately asked the Prime Minister to allow these huts to be handed over to properly constituted bodies, representing those villages which wish to set up clubs or institutes. A cool negative has been returned to this most reasonable request, though no expenditure worth mentioning is involved in it. Why? Perhaps the Prime Minister's ear was not really reached. In that case I am glad to act as a Laputan "flapper," and to convey the missed information.

I WELCOME Mr. Brailsford's paper "The New Leader," and congratulate the I.L.P. on it and its editor. There is no more accomplished journalist living than Mr. Brailsford; no more persuasive master of the written word. The first issue comes to me this morning in proof-sheets, so that I cannot judge its appearance; but as an old hedger and ditcher at that thorn-hedge of journalism, the "first number," I augur well of it. The "New Leader" is obviously going to grow into a first-rate exponent of the mind and the policy of the Labor Party, and to take a high place among the journals that aim at directing men's thoughts instead of confusing them. Its star contributor for the opening number is Professor Einstein on the economic state of Germany. Incidentally I note that he agrees with Mr. McKenna as to the importance of stabilizing the mark.

A WAYFARER.

Letters to the Editor.

CHRISTIANITY AND HUMOUR.

SIR,—The writer of the article "Le Dieu Qui Rit," in your issue of September 16th, pleads for a religion enlivened by humor. Perhaps it is a proof of the god-like quality of humor that it defies definition; yet we can say that humor lies in the recognition of the paradox in life—of the infinite in conflict with the finite. A discriminating sense of paradox is a characteristic of the more highly developed of the human race, and if, as the writer of the article seems to suggest, the perishing of the Egyptians in the Red Sea supplied the comic relief in the religion of the Old Testament, one can well imagine that no less practical a joke would have appealed to the sense of humor of the children of Israel. But with the evolution of human faculties a finer sense has developed. We laugh at ourselves rather than at others. We have to be inside the joke. We are amused at the folly of others only when we recognize in it our own weakness. And who can read the four Gospels without discerning the playfulness in the teaching of Jesus Christ—in all His quips and paradoxes, as, for example, in the parable of the troublesome friend who comes at midnight? Nor is there anything to show that He kept a solemn face when He asked His hearers if they kept a lighted candle under the bed. There are few signs of fun in His immediate followers, for they were products of their own age, when a jest, to be a jest, must be rude. In succeeding centuries the recognized exponents of Christianity have doubtless suffered from this tradition. A jest which must necessarily be at the expense of his neighbor made

small appeal to a Christian. But the leaven of Christianity is at work, and we now include humanity in ourselves and mock at our own limitations. A tender sense of fun is a recognizable characteristic of those to whom the living Christ is an ever-present reality, not a theological abstraction. The relief is inherent in the attitude of mind engendered by communion with God. Religion is an experience as independent of its exponents as the stars are independent of astronomers. Nor are the signs wanting of a newer and truer exposition of the religion of Christ. One of many is in "The Jesus of History," by T. R. Glover, which presents the early twentieth-century aspect of Christ's life on earth, and in which His humor is especially dwelt on. In Miss Maude Royden's gentle mockery, which never lets one off, we can discern something of the mercy we look for in Him who pleads our cause in Heaven.—Yours, &c.,

EILEEN DE B. DALY.

Bordighera, Italy.

THE ATTACKS ON AMERICAN TRADE UNIONISTS.

SIR,—About two years ago you drew the attention of the British public to the terror staged in America by the then Attorney-General, A. Mitchell Palmer.

You were good enough at that time to refer to the test case which was brought in Judge Anderson's court in Boston in the name of my wife, myself, and others. I am therefore in a position to know how helpful it is to have publicity given to such proceedings by an influential journal like THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.

For this reason I trust that you will allow me to state through your columns that Mr. Palmer's successor, Attorney-General Daugherty, has seen fit, within the past few weeks, to renew the policy which was so effectively discredited in 1920. In particular, the case of William Z. Foster, Secretary of the Trade Union Educational League, is worthy of attention. Mr. Foster is a trade unionist of the same type as Mr. Tom Mann. The immediate practical task of the League is to create industrial unions after the style of our National Union of Railwaymen by amalgamation of the numerous overlapping craft unions among which the workers are at present divided. Mr. Foster's writings are studiously moderate in tone, and his conduct of the great steel strike in 1919—an effort to compel the Steel Trust to negotiate with trade unions and to abolish the twelve-hour working day and the seven-day working week—was a model of efficiency and organization.

As your namesake the New York "Nation" has well said, the reason for the official persecution of Mr. Foster is not his incendiary opinions, but his ability as an organizer.

On August 6th, when Mr. Foster was billed to deliver a lecture in Denver, Colorado, on the crisis in the American Labor movement, he was kidnapped, without warrant, from his hotel, and carried out of the State. At the State border he was handed over to the Union Pacific Railway, who took him a long distance into the country, finally setting him free six miles from the nearest town, Torrington, in Wyoming, after trudging to which he was able to take a train to Omaha.

These delicate attentions were followed by a raid on his Chicago office, an attempt to connect him with a train wreck in Indiana, and finally, by a criminal charge that he was present at an alleged conspiratorial meeting in Michigan, although it is admitted that Secret Service men hunted vainly for him in that State. Foster himself declares that he was in Chicago the whole time that he was being "looked for," and that the police could have found him at any reasonable hour by visiting the office which they had raided a week or two before.

Foster is not the only victim of the new onslaught upon the more progressive Labor leaders. Mr. William F. Dunne, Industrial Editor of the "Worker," and formerly editor of the Labor daily the "Butte Daily Bulletin," is also under arrest, together with Mr. Caleb Harrison of the Machinists' Union, who ran as Vice-Presidential candidate of the Socialist Labor Party in the election campaign of 1916. Many others of less prominence are also threatened with long terms of imprisonment if the trumped-up charges against them succeed.

The Civil Liberties Union, an organization of the highest standing in New York City, has already pledged its aid in

vindicating the rights of free speech attacked in the above-cited instances.

I notice with interest the suggestion in your columns that a Labor deputation be sent to the United States to place certain other matters before President Harding and the American public. Should the suggestion be adopted, it is greatly to be desired that the persecution of such men as Foster, Harrison, and Dunne, who would be sure of an enthusiastic hearing in almost any public meeting in this country, should be included among the topics of which mention is to be made.—Yours, &c.,

W. T. COLYER.

34, Highbury New Park, London, N. 5.

THE INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE OF YOUTH.

SIR,—Feeling that the time is more than ripe to co-ordinate all the forces of Youth which, in our country, stand for Peace and the ideal of human brotherhood, we, who were present at the second Conference of the International League of Youth, ask for the courtesy of your columns in order to make it more widely known.

The International League of Youth was founded by a young Dane, Hermod Lannung, as a safeguard for the coming generations against the horrors of a war such as we have just experienced, and with which we are again threatened. A preliminary Conference was held at Copenhagen last year, and the nations which responded held a second Conference on September 2nd, 1922, at Hamburg, to report on the year's work and to arrange the programme for the future. Great Britain was not represented at Copenhagen, and so is a year behind the other countries of Europe.

The main purpose of the new League, whose headquarters are at Geneva, is to create in each country a Youth Movement fired with the desire to spread a spirit of mutual understanding among the nations, and to work for the substitution of reason for the force which has hitherto heightened international misunderstandings, and to that end to support the widest conception of a League of Nations. Briefly, its object is to save the generations following us from being sacrificed as our own generation has been sacrificed.

It may not be easy to start such a movement in this country, but we are convinced that it can and ought to be done, unless Great Britain is to be left outside this great effort for future peace. We believe that there are many organizations and individuals among our own youth who are infused with the new spirit, and who will be glad to co-operate with us in calling a Conference of Youth in London for the purpose of founding a British League to be affiliated to the International League at Geneva. To all such we appeal, in the hope that they will communicate with us at the address given below, where the use of an office has been kindly placed temporarily at our disposal.—Yours, &c.,

L. W. J. COSTELLO.

ADA JORDAN.

MOYA JOWETT.

Blake House, 16, Green Street, Trafalgar Square.

THE GERMAN STUDENTS.

SIR,—Perhaps it may be in place to add a further item of information on this subject. For some months past I have, with the kind co-operation of "Foreign Affairs," been collecting a small fund for German students. The present situation of the German student has its good and its bad side. It is probably good that the sons of what were well-to-do people should, in vacation, work in quarries, factories, and offices to pay for their studies. But it is not good that at least half the students are seriously underfed. The nerve results can be imagined.

It is still difficult to get direct help for Germany. A large Christian congregation were recently very indignant because their pastor allowed me to speak of the Germans as people needing sympathy and help. It was, therefore, most encouraging to see the result of your appeal on behalf of Frankfort. Austria and Russia are rightly remembered, but the public is inclined to leave Germany out. The World Christian Student Movement has earned heartfelt gratitude, yet it seemed to me rather a pity that the letter from one of its representatives in your issue of September 23rd used your Frankfort collection as the text for an appeal on behalf

of Russia. It is a horrible thing when people starve to death in Russia, but it may quite possibly be even more menacing for the future if the students, the leaders of that future, in Germany, grow up with starved nerves and betrayed hopes. Almost the whole of our hatred has been lavished upon Germany, and we English have behaved towards Germans with indescribable pettiness. (I write in Italy, where this pettiness stands out by contrast.) I feel, therefore, that those of us who realize this have rather special reason for giving direct help to Germans in need. It is the direct personal touch between Englishmen and Germans, the definite understanding that this is an English offering of goodwill to German comrades, that is valuable. The Germans are quick to appreciate the symbolism of such help, even when it is, as it often must be, lamentably small. It is, I fear, hardly yet time to organize a body of Friends of Germany, so we must work individually in small ways. There is no chance of too much help being given, and if we let each other know what we are doing, there is no danger of overlapping. For my own part, I have collected about £260 up till now. Out of this I sent 350 thousand marks to the Central Executive of the Studentenhilfe early in July, and I have since then aimed at giving a small English gift (10 thousand to 15 thousand marks) to as many local organizations as possible. I have been able to reach in this way Berlin, Bonn, Breslau, Darmstadt, Freiburg, Heidelberg, Munich, and Würzburg, and should like help to complete the round of the Universities—and then begin again. For the winter is before us, and only those in intimate touch with the young intellectual life of Germany know how despairing its outlook often is. If any of your readers would care to help in this particular way, they can send donations either to "Foreign Affairs," 2 and 4, Great Smith Street, S.W. 1, or direct to me at Elstead, Surrey. Whether the help be given through this channel or some other is unimportant, but it is, I believe, important for the future of Europe that it be given.—Yours, &c.,

HAROLD PICTON.

Florence, September 30th, 1922.

"IS THE ENGLISH VILLAGE DOOMED?"

SIR,—Your contributor writing under the above heading seems to be unaware of many facts when he attempts to deal with the position agriculture is in.

He appears to think, in the first place, that farmers are omnipotent in the matter of wages—that they pay high or low wages merely as a personal or class whim. The fact of the situation is that the farmer, quite as much as the laborer who works for him, is at the mercy of factors beyond his control. I believe it to be a fact that most farmers would gladly pay a high wage if they could, but when the money is not there, what can they do? They are at the mercy of world markets and can only get a price for their produce roughly equivalent to that received by the Canadian, American, Argentine, Chinese, or Australian producer.

It would be interesting, too, to know exactly what your contributor means when he talks of Co-operation. In many ways no class of people co-operate better than farmers: they are always willing to lend implements, &c., to neighbors. But co-operative buying and selling is of very little avail, since, again, world prices control both operations, and, moreover, one would only be adding to the already too numerous class of middlemen.

I must question, too, the writer's apparent idea that a laborer, to be efficient, must be a trade unionist. It is hopeless for trade unions to demand better conditions unless the problem is tackled as a whole, and I am glad to see that at last the three chief agricultural unions are laying their heads together. For Heaven's sake do not advocate any policy that will keep them at loggerheads. Speak now, ye Guild Socialists, or for ever hold your peace!

There are, to my mind, three ways of approach in remedying matters:—

1. By protective tariffs, which is retrogression.
2. By State subsidies guaranteeing to the laborer a living wage and to the farmer a price for his produce based on the cost of producing same.
3. Nationalization on the lines of paying minimum wages to farmer and laborer, with increases for production above a certain limit. This would be difficult to apply at present.

No. 2 is, I believe, the soundest policy to follow at present. It must be remembered that Great Britain is governed mainly from the point of view of the industrial centres, where the votes are; and this being so, it is time these forces recognized that their existence depends on cheap food and low wages for the laborer, and that it is their duty to make some return. The village is doomed because the city bleeds it.—Yours, &c.,

HAROLD L. WRIGLEY.

Ross, Herefordshire.

THE MARIONETTE-THEATRE IN ITALY.

SIR,—I have just seen Mr. Holroyd's letter in your issue for September 23rd, regarding the merits of the Roman Piccolo Theatre. I cordially endorse his opinion of it, but one swallow does not make a summer, and this marionette-theatre is alone in its achievement. And the achievement is, however beautiful in itself, too high for the actual machine. The result is, as Mr. Holroyd himself proves, that the entertainment appeals, not to Roman, Neapolitan, or Sicilian peasants, but to the cultured admirers of Russian ex-cabarets (*via Paris*), and of the almost-too-simple-sweetness of a 150-years-too-late production of Early English Opera.—Yours, &c.,

OSBERT SITWELL.

Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten, Munich.

WE APOLOGIZE.

SIR,—I have just seen the extraordinarily generous review of my book, "Mary Lee," which appears in your number for September 23rd.

Your reviewer, however, opens with the following sentence: "The one thing in 'Mary Lee' we are quite certain about is that it was written by a woman. No man could have written it, any more than 'Wuthering Heights,' whose spirit it resembles."

I must lodge a protest. I have many imperfections, moral and intellectual, but I am not a woman, and never was.—Yours, &c.,

GEOFFREY DENNIS.

Geneva.

Poetry.

COMPENSATION.

HERE, in the field, last year,
I saw a seagull die,
Flying inland, for fear
Of change in the sky.

Seagulls six and seven
Flew inland, and cried:
And one fell out of Heaven
Here, and died.

I found no scar or stain:
He was white and grey, like smoke.
He flew, and was in pain,
And his heart broke.

Now, when I come this way,
I remember his beauty and pride,
And how from the hollow of day
He fell, and died.

Then, I too was proud;
I was angry to see death.
The hour, that was warm and loud,
Drew one cold breath.

Again the gulls are flying.
My heart, that then was a lover
Hot and high, is dying—
But the gulls fly over.

GERALD GOULD.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

THE Mudania Conference and hopes based thereon have relieved nervousness and brought about a better tone in the Stock Markets. The gilt-edged section benefited also from another favorable influence. After temporary stringency on Monday loanable credit subsequently became superabundant under the influence of Government creation of credit to meet large dividend obligations. Short-term securities are specially favored, but the general position in the gilt-edged market is certainly far more satisfactory than it was a few weeks ago, when the sale of comparatively modest lines could not be effected without turning the market against the seller. In other markets rubber and tobacco shares have been prominent, the former improving in sympathy with the rise in the price of the raw material. The experience of the week in the exchange market has been mixed; sterling has shown some recovery, but there has been a fresh break in the mark.

Two events of the week have been the announcement of the proposed amalgamation of A. B. C. and Lockhart's, on which judgment must await further details, and the overwhelming subscription of £43 millions in a short time for the £1,600,000 "Daily Mail" Trust issue. The latter is a good illustration of the effectiveness of publicity.

MR. McKENNA ON INTERNATIONAL DEBTS.

The address delivered yesterday by the Right Hon. R. McKenna, Chairman of the London Joint City and Midland Bank, at the American Bankers' Association Convention in New York, is a masterly survey of the whole problem of international indebtedness and can hardly fail to produce a profound effect upon American opinion. On the Reparations question his conclusions will be unpalatable to many, and he will doubtless be assailed with accusations of understatement when he suggests "not less than one billion dollars" as roughly the sum total of Germany's transferable foreign assets. "Whatever the amount may be, however, Germany could pay it, provided the fall in the mark were arrested. More than that I do not think she has the ability to find, at any rate for some years, and it would be a condition of this payment that no more should be demanded of her for a long time to come. I believe that, looking merely at the amount to be received, the creditors would gain by abandoning the attempt to obtain other money payments for a period of at least three years, and I am quite sure the world, as a whole, would be an immense gainer in the general stabilization of exchanges which would ensue upon an arrest in the fall of the mark." Mr. McKenna boldly risks unpopularity by defending the German Government against the prevalent accusation that it has deliberately debased the mark in order to evade its creditors. He realizes that such economic conclusions as he reaches "run counter to popular hopes, popular passion, and, more formidable still, a popular sense of national justice which prescribes that the defeated enemy who planned the war should make good the damage suffered by the victors." He realizes, too, the political difficulties, but maintains that "no solution of the Reparation problem is possible unless political considerations are subordinated to economic facts." One of the most illuminating passages in his address is his description of the methods by which France quickly paid the indemnity to Germany after 1871, the effect of the payment on the two countries, and the vast difference between France's position then and Germany's position to-day. As I have pointed out recently, the present breathing-space in the Reparations crisis is short, and unless some agreement can be reached in the next three months the crisis will be renewed in aggravated form in the new year. Mr. McKenna's bold address is, therefore, opportune, and should receive the most careful attention, especially perhaps from those who find it most difficult to accept his views.

EUROPE'S OBLIGATIONS.

In France, Mr. McKenna's tentative estimate of Germany's capacity to pay will presumably be received with a mixture of ridicule and consternation. But the antagonism that it will arouse should be mollified by his

very frank statement that France, also, cannot be expected to meet her war obligations. The whole subject of inter-Ally indebtedness is a delicate one for an Englishman to discuss in New York, but Mr. McKenna set himself right with his audience at the outset by demonstrating this country's ability to pay its debt to the United States and affirming its intention to do so. He was then able to approach the question of Europe's debts from the point of view that America and Great Britain were equally interested as creditors. Here is his conclusion: "The inevitable conclusion is that these international debts are far too great for the capacity of any of the debtor countries except England. She alone, in her accumulated foreign investments, has adequate resources with which to discharge her liability to the United States. Of the others, France has the greatest resources, but they are, I believe, quite insufficient to meet her obligations. The whole subject requires a rational reconsideration by the creditors, who must keep steadily in view the immediate effect of the payment of these debts on the general trade of the world. The creditor countries will obtain greater advantage from trade prosperity . . . than they can ever receive from the precarious payment of these debts." It is of interest that this address will be followed closely by the visit of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to Washington, and that the address of Mr. Lamont, the American banker, on the previous day ran apparently on similar lines. The City is glad to hear that the Chancellor will be accompanied on his visit by the Governor of the Bank of England.

THE HALF-YEAR'S NATIONAL ACCOUNTS.

To draw conclusions as to the full year's balance-sheet prospects from the first six months' experience is dangerous; but the statement of national accounts for the half-year April 1st to September 30th is certainly encouraging, both on the revenue and on the expenditure side. The Chancellor budgeted for a revenue decline of £214 millions, and on the first six months the decline is only £52 millions. In some items the buoyancy of revenue is remarkable, Customs receipts being, for instance, well maintained. Nearly £404 millions were collected in the half-year, or 44 per cent. of the total year's estimate of £910 millions. This percentage is large, for the second half-year is always far the more prolific revenue-producer. Income Tax receipts are nearly up to last year's, but, of course, the reduced rate will tell in January next. Death duties have largely exceeded expectations. The disappointments are E. P. D. and sales of surplus stores. The former has brought in less than £1 million, thereby justifying Budget critics, while sales of stores are sadly behind estimate. The Budget provided for a decline of £169 millions in expenditure on the full year; the actual decline in the first six months is £150 millions. The net result of the half-year is a surplus of £56 millions, whereas in the first half of last year there was a deficit of £41 millions. So the prospect is hopeful, though there will be supplementary estimates to come along, and, of course, in the dire event of war with Turkey the whole outlook would be completely upset. The floating debt was reduced by £157 millions in the six months, and total debt by about £50 millions.

OIL SHARES AND LOWER PETROL PRICES.

Leading oil shares were a little better yesterday and show signs of shaking off the dullness induced by the announcement of the cut in petrol prices. That there has been no pronounced fall is evidence of a confidence that is probably justified in the main, but naturally shareholders have been wondering what effect the cut in prices will have upon the profits of the companies in which they are interested. It must not, however, be overlooked that wholesale prices of crude oil have been coming down for some time, and the latest reduction in retail petrol prices may not affect producers' profits nearly as much as might be expected. But one effect of the recent cut on the market is to divert the attention of speculators from less prominent oil shares to other spheres. No doubt the rubber-share market has already benefited from such transference.

L. J. R.



THE ATHENÆUM

No. 4823.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1922.



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The World of Books.

READERS of that excellent topographical essay by Mr. C. G. Harper, "The Brighton Road," a new edition of which was recently published by Messrs. Cecil Palmer, may recall that, ten miles out of London on the famous highway, there is a place named Croydon. They will know from Mr. Harper's story that Croydon has some joys beyond those usually noted by estate agents. That its gas is as burnable as gas ought to be, that its drains receive careful attention, that its kitchen taps flow with unstinted purity, that its rates are not more terrifying than those which lurk behind the attractions of other godly residential districts, and that there one may buy hats and hosiery equal to the best of Oxford Street, do not altogether exhaust the fair prospects of this pleasaunce. It has other things. They have been part of Croydon longer than its linendrapers' shops and picture palaces. They are what sentimentalists would call the soul of the place; and to others they appear as the tokens of its antiquity and traditions. It has a very early place in the chronicle of that verity we call England. And for that reason Mr. Harper makes it clear that the radiance of Croydon's bath taps, the wisdom of its councillors, and the charm and reasonable price of its hosiery, were not what moved him to a pilgrimage. By Croydon he means, among other obscure landmarks, the Old Palace of the Archbishops, some taverns, the Parish Church, and the Whitgift Hospital. Now, the last-named place, an Elizabethan structure which it is Croydon's privilege to cherish on behalf of England, is marked for demolition by its Council; and in that modern light which wars have given councillors everywhere, betraying the ease with which treasures may be destroyed, one councillor last week suggested that this house of alms should be run over by tanks.

* * *

THE Hospital was completed in 1599. There is said to be but one other like it in the South of England. It is now in the centre of the town, with the roar of the tides of traffic about it, and its outer quaint dinginess is familiar to everybody in Croydon; but I trust there are more local people who enjoy the inside of the Parish Church than the inner seclusion of the Hospital, which might as well be in Stromness for all that is known locally of the inner worth of this rare possession. Yet to enter its quadrangle is a surprising experience. It is like an unexpected escape from time's urgency; the noise and distraction of to-day are repelled at its outer walls; not Einstein himself could prove so simply as this enclosure that time, space, and the gravest of our affairs

are but relative. The idea of running over such a place with a tank is understood at once to come of a state of mind which would encourage a reluctant fire with a Turner, if informed the picture was in oils, or would use a First Folio as a door-jamb, or condemn Westminster Abbey for wasting a site so suitable for a block of nice flats. There is nothing to be said about such people. There, as Henry James once pointed out, they beautifully are. But why are they called councillors?

* * *

AND what would they take from us? Something as irreplaceable, if lost, as beauty, as honor, as peace, as fidelity. To destroy such a building would be to withhold from the young that sensible contact with the past which, in the gross flux and turmoil of affairs, when youth feels most like scorning the baseness of its land and day, gives an apprehension of the endurance of fine things, of work well conceived and soundly finished and built into the body of its home. Youth, at that contact, would know that something worthy survives, that all England is not modern councillors; that there have been other men and other ways. He has something to go upon, which he cannot give to stucco, lies, and tanks. He may freely add to it the best that he can do. The inspiration of this building was pity, and not the motive for phosgene, and it was built by guildsmen who loved their work, to enclose a measure of evening peace. The peace is there to-day, as though that elusive state were an imperishable bequest from the past.

* * *

AND why should it go? For the reason that Ypres went: Necessity. Necessity, of course, means that we must do a hateful thing because we want to do it. The Hospital stands in the way of what people in a hurry, having no time even to consider the meaning of the words they use, call "progress." What they mean is that the High Street narrows at the Hospital; consequently the motor traffic there is compelled to slow down. That road junction is, therefore, as safe as it is possible for a modern road to be. Drivers at that point are forced to good manners. There are plenty of street accidents elsewhere in Croydon, where the ways are wider and so quite safe, but the "danger spot" is exempt; it has a policeman to look after it. It is not good to drive over a constable.

* * *

THE constable makes it safe for anyone to observe whether it is the Hospital which is in the way. A glance shows, as Mr. Harper points out, that the case against the Hospital is a fake. The buildings opposite do indeed encroach on the roadway. They, however, are never mentioned in the indictment. Perhaps the hotel opposite the Hospital, being in a style which may be called Late Marzipan, fascinates the local council as an inviolable thing of beauty. The local newspaper, which defies all criticism by calling itself "Advertiser," judges that the Hospital should go because it does not align with the truly magnificent fronts of the drapers' shops. In fact, it is everybody's business to know that what is a national heirloom is doomed because locally there is not enough imagination or enterprise to solve the traffic problem except in the way Ruskin told us to call cheap and nasty.

H. M. T.

Reviews.

WAS BOSWELL A FOOL?

Young Boswell. By CHAUNCEY BREWSTER TINKER. (Putnam. 15s.)

MACAULAY, like a good many other writers of his age and stature, is now a little blown upon. Nobody knows how or why: unless it is that he has been banished for the same reason as Aristides. A generation arose which was sick of hearing about Macaulay's style; so it declared he had not got one. He who pounced on Johnsonese was found guilty of Macaulayese. The verdict is true in the sense that Macaulay undoubtedly invented his own way of writing. Only it happened to be a good way. No one has ever sat down to read an essay of Macaulay's without being galloped away by him. It is safer, if we want to dismiss him, not to read him. Macaulay can be blown upon only while the dust on his covers is not.

Macaulay loved antitheses: they are exciting things. The more violent they are, the better they are. The sensation of speed we get from them is tremendous; their sheer projectile force overwhelming. When Macaulay fairly launched one, it travelled for generations. One of the most famous and most lasting of his antitheses is the paradox about Boswell: "If he had not been a great fool, he would never have been a great writer." In order to give it the appropriate velocity, Macaulay put a full charge behind it. When he said a great writer, he meant a great writer:—

"The Life of Johnson is assuredly a great, a very great book. Homer is not more decidedly the first of heroic poets, Shakespeare is not more decidedly the first of dramatists, Demosthenes is not more decidedly the first of orators, than Boswell is the first of biographers. He has distanced all his competitors so decidedly that it is not worth while to place them. Eclipse is first, and the rest nowhere."

In order to do that, Boswell had to be a great fool. And nothing but a fool. "Of all the talents which ordinarily raise men to eminence as writers Boswell had absolutely none."

For naked paradox it cannot be beaten. Again, Eclipse is first, and the rest nowhere. And yet—will it do? It is splendid, it was certainly worth while, and the essay of which it is the spearhead is magnificent; but it is too good to be true. For what are the talents which "ordinarily raise men to eminence as writers"? "Logic, eloquence, wit, taste," Macaulay somewhere suggests. Logic, in a biographer? Eloquence, in a biographer? Taste, in a biographer? Wit—did Boswell have none? Again, seeing that Boswell's "Johnson" is an extraordinary book, perhaps Boswell's talents were such as do not ordinarily raise men to eminence as writers; perhaps his gifts were as unique as his book.

It is not a new theory; I have heard the late Sir Walter Raleigh argue it well. But it has never been put forward so persuasively, nor backed with such a wealth of interesting evidence, as it has been by Mr. Tinker. Mr. Tinker is an American professor of English and a collector of *ana* relating to Johnson and Boswell. If all American collectors could use their material as well as he has done, and publish it as generously, we should not grudge them their victories at the sales.

Mr. Tinker has written an excellent book; but, of course, it will not wholly destroy Macaulay's Boswell. First, because it needs a man of genius to annihilate the creation of a man of genius; second, because there is a substantial core of Boswell's Boswell in Macaulay's. Judged by most of the practical standards of life, Boswell was an ass. But writing is not a practical activity; and Boswell could write. He could write long before he settled down to the Life of Johnson. His "Tour to Corsica" is a very fine book. But Boswell could write even before that. For evidence there are the letters he wrote in his twenties to Mitchell, the British Envoy at Berlin, to manoeuvre him into explaining to Boswell's father that it was undesirable that Boswell should return to Utrecht to study law. "The words of the Apostle Paul" (wrote Boswell to Mitchell) "had been strongly borne

in" upon his mind. That was already good; but Boswell's reply to Mitchell's refusal was better:—

"You tell me gravely to follow the plan my father prescribes, whatever it may be, as in doing so I shall certainly act most wisely. I forgive you this; for I say just the same to young people whom I advise."

From a boy of twenty-four to an Ambassador it is not merely impertinent, it is witty. Boswell, from a very early age, knew precisely what he was about. He knew precisely what he was about when he wrote the Life. It was not a masterpiece by accident. Listen to his letter to his friend Temple, while he was working upon it:—

"Mason's 'Life of Gray' is excellent, because it is interspersed with letters which show us the Man. His 'Life of Whitehead' is not a Life at all; for there is neither a letter nor a saying from first to last. I am absolutely certain that my mode of biography, which gives not only a history of Johnson's visible progress through the world, and of his publications, but a view of his mind, in his letters and conversations, is the most perfect that can be conceived, and will be more of a Life than any that has ever yet appeared."

Of how many writers can it be said that posterity has accepted their advance verdict upon their work, precisely? What Boswell said of his Life before it was written, generation after generation has repeated. What Boswell promised to do, he did; and he did it, exactly understanding its novelty and its importance. Yet Macaulay would have us believe that he was "a man of the meanest and feeblest intellect."

If we understand by intellect the purely logical faculty, perhaps Macaulay was right. But logical ability has not much to do with literary genius. Able logicians have a trick of being unutterably wrong when they come to write about life: the instinctive, intuitive sense of human values often fails them quite. Logic is more likely to make a man a fool than the lack of logic is. Boswell, on the other hand, had the sense of values. He knew a great man when he saw one, and what is more, he understood the qualities in him which made him great. For, though nowadays we sometimes profess to find profundity in Johnson's writing, very little of it is really there. Johnson's greatness lies in what Boswell has preserved of him; Johnson's Johnson is a poor thing beside Boswell's. If Johnson had had the perpetuating of himself, he would have left us a ponderous Latin epitaph: Boswell has given us a Rembrandt portrait.

But, it has often been said, there was no room for mistake. Johnson was the acknowledged great man when Boswell came to London. He had nothing to do but to thrust himself pertinaciously into the great man's circle, stick there like a limpet, and fill his note-books. Ah, those note-books! Have the people who talk so glibly about them ever tried to fill one? Let them make but one effort to record a conversation among their friends, with its flavor, its tone, its vivacity; and then we will listen to them when they speak as though observation of human beings "in their habit as they lived" is the most natural faculty in the world. In truth, it is one of the rarest. Boswell seems to have been born with it. His portrait of Paoli in the "Tour to Corsica," though it is a miniature beside his portrait of Johnson, is perfect. And take the conversation with Miss Blair, which he gives in his letter to Temple. As a piece of love-making it is inimitable. We may as well have it again:—

"I then asked her to be candid and fair as I had been with her and to tell me if she had any particular liking for me. What, think you, Temple, was her answer? 'No; I really,' said she, 'have no particular liking for you; I like many people as well as you.' (Temple, you must have it in the genuine dialogue.)

BOSWELL: Do you, indeed? Well, I cannot help it. I am obliged to you for telling me so in time. I am sorry for it.

PRINCESS: I like Jeany Maxwell better than you.

B.: Very well. But do you like no man better than me?

P.: No.

B.: Is it possible you may like me better than other men?

P.: I don't know what is possible.

(By this time I had risen and placed myself by her, and was in real agitation.)

B.: I'll tell you what, my dear Miss Blair, I love you so much that I am very unhappy. If you cannot love me, I must, if possible, endeavor to forget you. What would you have me do?

P.: I really don't know what you should do.

B.: It is certainly possible that you may love me, and if you ever shall do so, I shall be the happiest man in the

world. Will you make a fair bargain with me? If you should happen to love me, will you own it?

"P.: Yes.

"B.: And if you should happen to love another, will you tell me immediately, and help me to make myself easy?

"P.: Yes, I will.

"B.: Well, you are very good. (Often squeezing and kissing her fine hand, while she looked at me with those beautiful, black eyes.)

"P.: I may tell you as a cousin what I would not tell to another man.

"B.: You may, indeed. You are very fond of Auchinleck—that is one good circumstance.

"P.: I confess I am. I wish I liked you as well as I like Auchinleck."

And so on. It was, indeed, as Boswell said, "most curious." And not least Miss Blair's enigmatic parting shot. "She said she knew me now. She could laugh me out of my ill-humor. She could give Lord Auchinleck a lesson how to manage me. Temple, what does the girl mean?"

Boswell was not the first man to be out-manœuvred by a demure coquette with a sense of humor and all her wits about her. He was in that no more a fool than Macaulay. But not Macaulay himself could so have placed the whole scene before our eyes. The thing is done, and we cannot put our finger on the where or how. A dozen lines of conversation have lit a deadly sparkle in those "beautiful, black eyes." Jane Austen never did better.

But Boswell—and this is really the final argument of Macaulay—had no sense of shame. He told of himself things that no decent man would have dreamed of telling. And the suggestion is that he had no notion of what he was doing. It will not hold water. Boswell knew perfectly well what he was doing. His letters produce upon us the impression, not of an ignorant blunderer, but of an impish, mischievous man who had never found it worth while to acquire a sense of dignity; he got more fun out of life without it. Boswell, indeed, got a prodigious amount of enjoyment out of life, and he had made up his mind very early where his enjoyment was to be had—in the excitements of society. He was a born social experimenter; he set himself to making society more exciting and watching the results. But, again, he knew the kind of society that was worth watching, and the kind of people it was worth while to be indiscreet about. His letter to Sir William Scott, who, after the Life had appeared, in inviting him to dinner had warned him not to embarrass the guests by writing down their conversation, gives something of Boswell's measure. He refused the invitation:—

"If others (as well as myself) sometimes appear as shades to the Great Intellectual Light, I beg to be fairly understood, and that you and my other friends will inculcate upon persons of timidity and reserve, that my recording the conversation of so extraordinary a man as Johnson, with its concomitant circumstances, was a *peculiar* undertaking, attended with much anxiety and labor, and that the conversations of people in general are by no means of that nature to bear being registered, and that the task of doing it would be exceedingly irksome to me."

No, Boswell may not have been a wise man, but he was certainly no fool in the things that mattered to him.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS WITHOUT TEARS.

The New Psychology and the Teacher. By H. CRICHTON MILLER. (Jaitolds. 6s.)

THERE are times when one is tempted to think that education would be a tolerable matter if it were not for the educationists. For instance, when one authority declares that girls should never be taught how to knit socks, but should teach themselves by undoing numerous pairs until, at last, they discover how the stitches are made, just when another authority (and this a committee of Big Men—the Men who Get Things Done!) declares that teachers are on the level of railway booking-clerks, and yet must be expected to teach sixty children at once, and live on a reduced salary, we confess to finding ourselves less than usual calm, and lacking the self-restraint of Marjorie Fleming's celebrated turkey. Between such extremes of educational madness with method in it and economical method with madness in it, what is the poor public to do? We think, too, of another

enthusiast who declared that the teacher must put no impediments in the way of the child's self-expression, and, being asked what was to be done if the child's self-expression took the form of habitual homicide, bravely replied that it wasn't the child's fault, but was all due to that dreadful Social System; and we think of psycho-analysts who occupy themselves earnestly with certain morbid interests upon which we shall not dwell.

What educational fanatics seem to forget is that, although education may be for them an entrancing occupation, it is for most of us a public activity carried on at public expense, in costly buildings called schools, and that, as taxpayers, we have the right to ask just where we come in among all these self-expressions and unravellings. It is really necessary to remind the serious young women who babble earnestly at conferences about neuroses and complexes that they are using schools for a kind of self-gratification utterly unknown to the conscientious old fellows who steadily bullied their forms through the verbs in-*mu*. The latter tended to regard most boys as normal, and the abnormal as slackers; the former tend to regard most girls as abnormal, and the normal as uninteresting. The good teacher, like the good parent, has to find the happy medium between severe repression and infatuated indulgence. A school is a little world and must represent the great world, where, after all, we are not allowed to do what we like, when we like, and how we like. Educationists should not needlessly shock a public that is hesitating whether or not to button up its pockets. The undergraduate desiring to impersonate a Czecho-Slovakian professor of psycho-analysis has no need to invent his own patter: he can find statements enough to startle any audience in the genuine utterances of the people who have "taken up" psycho-analysis, as they "take up" everything new, from Bergson to Botulism. We should not dream of saying decisively (with "Punch"): "Psy no more, ladies"; but we do feel inclined to murmur: "Do not psy so loudly—or so horribly."

Dr. Crichton Miller's volume comes like a breath of fresh air into an atmosphere that is hot and stuffy. It is psycho-analysis, but it is entirely wholesome and refreshing. It will do all readers good, and no reader any harm. It is quite elementary; but that is all the better, for it admits the student through ways that are not befouled. We hope the pundits who prefer Teutonized-American to English will not be too hard upon a book that originates in England, and is actually written with lucidity and sweet reasonableness. In ten chapters Dr. Crichton Miller deals with such radical matters as Authority and Suggestibility, Reality and Phantasy, Emotional Development, the Unconscious, Mental Mechanism, Dream Symbolism, and the Herd Instinct. He is peaceable and conciliatory, and does not flourish the excommunicatory bell. Some readers, perhaps, may be unaware that reformed psychology, like reformed religion, has its fierce and persecuting sects. Freud is the Luther of psycho-analysis and Jung the Erasmus—or rather, Freud is the Calvin and Jung—shall we say?—the Arminius. Dr. Crichton Miller does not take sides in the battle of free-will and necessity. Not for him is the temper of the fervent disciple who recently exclaimed: "The Freudian theory and technique, and these alone, constitute psycho-analysis."

The first point he makes is that teachers should study analytical psychology in order to clear their own minds, and not in order to tamper with the minds of children:—

"The analysis of the child and of the adolescent is the most delicate task that can be essayed. It is not required in the case of the normal child; and the abnormal child should never be exposed to amateur analysis."

"Its chief value," he continues, "lies, not in the direct light that it throws on the child, but in its application to the teacher's own psychology." He uses an illustration from microscopy; but there is a simpler one, to be drawn from language study. The most valuable result a teacher gets from taking a course in phonetics is not the ability to pass on instruction to a class, but the training of his own ear to distinguish sounds.

The author reminds us that the two main aspects of education are the transmission of racial experience and the development of the individual soul, and that these emphasize respectively attention (involving self-control) and interest (producing self-expression). We like Dr. Crichton Miller's

continual application of his points to the weaknesses of adults. Defining suggestion as the attainment of a state of mind, or the execution of an act, upon an inadequate rational basis, he finds the most striking examples of suggestibility, not, as some do, in primitive peoples, but in our own susceptibility to the influence of advertisement and our daily readiness to accept any journalist's opinions about politics, religion, science, art, or amusement, without the least attempt at verification. His summing up of the right attitude towards the two opposite claims of self and community could hardly be improved:—

"It must be our aim, therefore, to bring up children so that they respect all racial experience, and at the same time learn, in due course, to challenge all authority. Authority must not be regarded as ultimately binding, nor must it be disregarded without respectful consideration."

In other words, we must strive at once for the maximum of self-realization that can subsist with the maximum of social efficiency. Neither must destroy the other.

We find the same sort of conflict between reality and phantasy. Children are creatures of phantasy; and the normal progress of age is from phantasy to reality—from dreaming to doing. The adult must preserve his "clouds of glory" if he can, but he must not forgo his hold upon reality. The tragic thing about most of us is that, while clinging to an illusion of reality, we are the victims of phantasy, and refuse to look reality in the face. The most startling fact in the world of to-day is that although the recent war is supposed to have imprinted appalling realities indelibly upon our minds, vociferous statesmen, legislators, and militarists are once more persuading the multitude back into a phantasy of war as something necessary, unavoidable, heroic, sublime; when the real, sordid truth is, first, that the eloquent orators are the people who profit by war, and next, that they are themselves incapable of facing the realities of peace. The works of war are easier than the works of peace, and can be more showily presented. The people who clamor for what they call "patriotism" in the schools really want the imaginations of boys and girls to be tangled up for ever in a phantasy of war. Real patriotism is the last thing they want taught. So in elementary schools we parade our half-starved children of out-of-work ex-soldiers and tell them that their Empire is vast and prosperous, and that their duty to it is to regard all the rest of the world as enemies to be hated and suspected. Meanwhile, the Navy League hovers anxiously but discreetly in the background, offering to present (non-politically, of course) every boy and girl with a picture postcard of the Prince of Wales. What children need to be told is that war is a primitive abomination artificially kept alive, and that our first duty as citizens is to seek the ways of peace and hate the ways of war. People who encourage children to cherish phantasies of slaughter should be treated as those who initiate children into the realities of indecency.

Dr. Crichton Miller takes up the subject of fairy-tales, and agrees, at least in part, with Dr. Montessori, who denounced them. His point is that some fairy-tales are good and some bad. He says:—

"There is need for a protest against the mere shibboleth of 'developing the child's imagination.' The phantasy tendency is inherent in every child; but its development is not necessarily valuable."

He instances "Red Riding Hood" (a symbol of age seeking everywhere to devour youth) as undesirable, and the legend of St. Christopher as desirable. Tales that represent life as unduly menacing and terrible, or that end with magical and effortless solutions of difficulties, are psychologically unsound for children; but a story that represents a true quest is good. The gruesome horrors of "Nurse's Stories," so delightfully recalled and recorded by Dickens, are precisely the food that should never be given to the eager phantasy of children. We imagine (and hope) that Dr. Crichton Miller would approve of "The Pilgrim's Progress."

But here we must resist the temptation to quote more from a book that is as engaging and delightful as it is sound and serious. A better introduction to the new psychology could scarcely be found, and teachers, parents, and general readers alike will enjoy it.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

ANGKOR AND THE FRENCH.

Mysterious India. By ROBERT CHAUVELOT. Translated by E. S. BROOKS. (Werner Laurie. 16s.)

THE English reader of a French book of voyages is generally more interested in the traveller than in his travels. One knows exactly what he is going to say, but never tires of hearing him say it. It is not that one looks for originality in French travel literature. One would probably be disappointed if one found it. The charm of it lies in the stereotyped *cliché*, the discovery of what we are prepared to find, the *me voici* and the *me voilà* attitude to which we are accustomed, as when Pierre Loti gets a thrill out of the presence of bears on the hills the other side of the Hellespont. The Frenchman has the pull of us in a book of travel. He is not afraid of sentiment, or the suggestion of wonder, mystery, and peril in his surroundings. There are always more tigers and serpents about, when he wanders in the East, which *rodent* and *glissent* in a way which gives the matter-of-fact John Bull thrills that he has forgotten since the days when he used to go to Drury Lane. The French traveller takes his colored threads with him, and chooses the dyes carefully at home—we can imagine an iridescent inspiration in the Cannebière at Marseilles; he is erotic at Port Said, enigmatic at Bombay or Saigon. The phlegmatic Englishman, into whose company he is thrown, is little better than an "outer barbarian."

There is little variety in the pattern, for the subjectivity is conventional rather than individual; but the Englishman, who may not admire this sort of thing in his own countrymen, is delighted. It is French; so it has its sanction. Pierre Loti now is parodying his lost sensibility. Claude Ferrare and a host of sentimental travellers derive from him. The Parisian Turcophile is perhaps the most complete sentimentalist. One is not surprised to learn that there is a Rue Claude Ferrare in Stamboul. But it is to Angkor-Wat, "the marvellous and mysterious Angkor," to which every Frenchman has made a pilgrimage, if only in his dreams, that the English fireside traveller most willingly follows a French guide. One of the first French travel books I remember reading was Henri Mouhot's "Voyage dans les royaumes de Siam, de Cambodge, de Laos." All I can recall of it now is that Mouhot travelled to Saigon with a skipper "dont la sobriété laissait beaucoup à désirer," and his gasp of wonder at the first sight of the ruins. "A la vue de ce temple, l'esprit se sent écrasé, l'imagination surpassée; on regarde, on admire, et saisi de respect on reste silencieux: car où trouver des paroles. . . ." Happily, Mouhot did not rest silent. He was very articulate and abundant in his praises. So persuasive, indeed, that I felt the compulsion to go to Angkor the year I read his voyages, and have enjoyed the rhapsodies of French visitors to the "enigmatic ruins" ever since. Angkor has exercised a subtler spell on English travellers, as well as on French, than any other shrine on earth. Yet very few English books of travel take one there. But "Mysterious India," a translation of a book by M. Robert Chauvelot, devotes a single chapter to Angkor, and is in the traditional vein. The Indian part is, perhaps, nearer the plain prose of facts than one could expect from a professed purveyor of mystery. For M. Chauvelot is not an insistent juggler; he can step off his magic carpet and even exorcise illusions. But the wonder and mystery creep in, especially in the Native States where "the good pleasure of the king can have the chamberlain or the minister whom he even suspects crushed beneath the foot of the executioner-elephant." Socially and geographically M. Chauvelot is a little lost in India. He sees the first spurs of the massive mountains of Pamir and the Hindu-Kush from the train between Lahore and Peshawar, and he speaks of the Aga Khan as the religious and political head of the Indian Mussulmans. We should like to hear the Ali brothers' reply to that. But the book is interesting as a picture of India as it appears to French eyes.

In the Angkor chapter M. Chauvelot is on his own ground. Angkor is a real mystery. A growing mystery. In spite of all the literature on the subject, the Musée Khmer in Paris, and the periodic missions sent out by the French Government to study ancient Cambodian architecture and history, the origin of the master-builders is still conjectural. The riddle of the Khmers, so far from being

solved, is, if anything, obscured by the contradictory conclusions of French savants. Fournereau and Porcher's sumptuous folio volume "Les Ruines d'Angkor" (Paris, Hachette, 1890) is a prize much valued by collectors of books on Angkor-Wat. The authors speak quite definitely of the Aryan invasion in the fifth century A.D., and one would like to believe their story of Preathang, the disinherited son of a sovereign of Indrapat, the ancient Hindu Delhi, who became the founder of the Khmer empire. Apparently, the legend is not generally accepted as history, but one is reluctant to dismiss it. The picture of Preathang and his host breaking across the southern continent with his chariots and armed war-elephants and legions of bowmen—the proud figures one sees on the friezes of Angkor, intricately carved on the walls of the corridors, a thousand yards or more of bas-relief—appeals to the imagination. M. Foucher attributes the ethnical Hinduization of Cambodia to Sivaite priests, who came in successive human waves and were absorbed in the conquered population. General de Bayliè, on the contrary, believes that the invaders were adventurers, exiles, or traders, who entered the mouths of the Menam and the Mekong by sea—a theory based on the evidence of Chinese annals and an orographical study of the country. The sea passage of the Hindu colonists seems plausible, for if the invaders followed a land route from India they must have left behind them traces of their communications. Their disappearance was as enigmatic as their coming. Hiuen Tsang, writing of the Khmers in the thirteenth century, has left a picture of a flourishing civilization. Who were the races that engulfed them? Apart from the ruins, there is no trace of Hindu influence in Cambodia to-day, whether in dress, ornaments, vessels, architecture, manners, customs, religion, or thought. The Khmers have left no records save in stone. And the riddle of the stone is the greatest mystery of all. For Khmer architecture is original and distinctive. The tradition cannot be indigenous, as no building exists in Indo-China that dates back to before the Aryan invasion. The conical-pyramidal towers of the Khmers, their ogival vaulted roofs, and massive outer stairways are unknown in the country of their derivation. Nor is the inspiration of the Far East.

No wonder the French are intrigued by the mystery of Angkor and the unravelling of it has become a national cult. M. Chauvelot, no doubt, has read all that has been written on the shrine, explored the ruins himself, and consulted the pundits. But he omits to refer us to M. George Groslier's "A l'Ombre d'Angkor" (Paris, Augustin Challamel, 1916). M. Groslier, like Fournereau and Porcher, was charged with a mission to Cambodia by the Ministry of Instruction and Fine Arts. He has written three erudite volumes on the monuments of the ancient Khmers, but the writing of this little book was an indulgence, the pastime of hours of repose, when he had laid aside his foot-rule to commune with the local genius in the forests where nature is encroaching on the monuments of a civilization that is dead. No sensitive Frenchman, however erudite he may be, or burdened with statistics, measurements, or data, can resist the lyrical impulse of Angkor. In his communings with the genius of the temple, M. Groslier, unaided by science, has unravelled (or so he believes) the mystery of its derivation. He deprecates the expression "Hindu architecture" in relation to the relics of the Khmers. The Hindus, he argues, found the Khmer ideal already evolved when they invaded the country—but not in masonry. All they did was to translate the tradition from wood into stone. Thus the Aryan genius has made what was else perishable immortal. An ingenious solution, though it does not evade the paradox that the higher civilization derived the symmetry, the proportion, the ordered grouping which is lacking in their own temples—that is to say, the architectural and intellectual inspiration—from an obscure and subject race. M. Groslier, we believe, is the only archaeologist who has credited the primitive Khomen, whom the Khmers subjugated, with anything more evolved in the shape of a house than the bamboo shanty on piles in which the Cambodian villager dwells to-day.

But every new book on Angkor has some new conjecture. I believe its mystery is as insoluble as the riddle of existence. Whoever the Khmers may have been, they have left the French traveller a field congenial to his temperament. Angkor, at the time of my visit, lay buried away in Siamese

territory, but I had a presentiment that the French, in their desire to inherit, repair, and protect the shrine and to possess themselves of its incommunicable secret, would widen their dominions so as to embrace its ruins.

EDMUND CANDLER.

THE EPIC OF YOUTH.

The War in the Air : being the Story of the Part played in the Great War by the Royal Air Force. By Sir WALTER RALEIGH. Vol. I. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 21s.)

THE official history of the war, which is making its appearance by services, has so far been fortunate in its historians. A considerable part of the naval narrative has already appeared from the hands of Sir Julian Corbett. But the first volume of "The War in the Air" has several exceptional features to commend it. Sir Walter Raleigh was, as he himself says, an outsider. This alone, paradoxically enough, is a distinct advantage. For the soldier or sailor there is not only the "masonic dialect of the Services" to overcome: there is the still greater handicap of their masonic reticence. And there is, finally, the broad area of what is normal and ordinary to them, though it is part of the abnormal atmosphere of war. No one who has attempted to extract the narrative of any given episode from the soldiers who took part in it can have failed to be struck with the difficulty of dealing with combatants. If their accounts are not bare and colorless they are likely to be out of scale and proportion, because of some inconsequence or relatively negligible circumstance which threw some particular feature of the action into high relief.

Coming fresh to the historical record of an action, with the standards of other human struggles in mind and the equipoise of serious study of any sort, the outsider has a better chance of imposing order, unity, and proportion on the mass of chaotic material that confronts him. Sir Walter Raleigh's "defects" were, therefore, more truly his qualities. If we add to them the vivid vision of a conspicuously vital mind, and the service of a pen that had laid bare to many more than is commonly realized the witchery of fine writing, we get some comprehension of an ensemble of qualities which makes the first volume of "The War in the Air" a unique product of official historical writing.

The war in the air, or, rather, the war with the air, began, for Raleigh, long before the troubled days of July, 1914, had cut Europe into two divisions which seem as if they will never be reconciled to their former unity. The bulk of the book, indeed, is concerned with the high adventure which called together a strange band of enthusiasts, in odd parts of England, linked only by a determination to obtain the mastery over the air. Mr. Roe's adventures at Brooklands and Lea Marshes may be taken as typical. The wreckage of aeroplanes did not appear to the management of Brooklands the best advertisement for a motor-racing track, though "the great things of the air have most of them been done by survivors from wrecks"; and Mr. Roe was given notice to quit. He migrated to Lea Marshes, where a bailiff was set to watch him and prevent his flying. When he was at length caught, in the early morning preparing to fly, police-court proceedings were instituted. Fortunately, Blériot at this time flew the Channel, and the proceedings were not pushed, so that we were not placed in the absurd position of finding flying illegal.

But already the Wright brothers' offer to sell their invention to the Admiralty had been refused. Sir Walter Raleigh is a little too indulgent to the Navy over this episode; but his reflection is worth giving as one of the many *obiter dicta* in the book which cast a light in dark places. The Admiralty's attitude, he says, was "natural and excusable. The British Navy is a great trust, responsible not so much for the progress of the nation as for its very existence. Untried courses, new investments, brilliant chances, do not commend themselves to trustees." This, of course, does not justify the Admiralty's blindness, for they were not asked to surrender anything, or to seize any brilliant chance to their prejudice. But here, in one luminous sentence, is the final justification of Jellicoe at Jutland. On that occasion the trustee was venturing all on a brilliant

chance, if he followed the counsel of the "clever-endians" who reproach him for not closing with the enemy at all costs.

In 1912 the first experiments with wireless on aircraft were made, though, at that time, it was not considered practicable to equip aeroplanes, and even the airships could not receive, but only dispatch messages. General Grierson, whose death on the outbreak of the war was so heavy a blow to the Army, saw at once the significance of the use of aircraft in the manoeuvres. "The impression left on my mind is that their use has revolutionized the art of war. So long as hostile aircraft are hovering over one's troops all movements are liable to be seen and reported, and therefore the first step in war will be to get rid of the hostile aircraft. He who does this, or who keeps the last aeroplane afloat, will win, other things being approximately equal." In this conclusion lay the seed of all the war development of the air service; and the Royal Flying Corps, numbering about 1,000 all told, was a little more than 1 per cent. of the Expeditionary Force which first took the field at Mons. Their work at Mons, when they verified the revised estimate of the German plan by the French Intelligence, and at the Marne, when they were thanked by Joffre, is well known. But it is not so well known that they flew *en masse* to France, that their reconnaissance continued during the retreat, and that they witnessed the heroic resistance at Ypres, unable to give the help which they were able to afford two years later.

In those days the offensive power of aircraft was rudimentary. A few hand-grenades and petrol-bombs were dropped during the retreat. A Lewis gun mounted by one machine in August did not appear to prove a success, and orders were given to discard it. Aerial fights were carried out by hand-grenades, rifles, and bombs. Ranging by wireless was successfully carried out on September 24th, but was not applied generally until later on. Aerial photographs were taken as early as September 15th. But the general atmosphere of air work, as we know it, belongs to a later period. Reconnaissance was the chief work of the air service at this time, and their chief enemy the anti-aircraft guns. The name "Archies" came from a light-hearted pilot, who, when fired at in the air, quoted a popular music-hall refrain—"Archibald, certainly not!" Indeed, these were the days when it was possible to be light-hearted, and Sir Walter has noticed this persistent characteristic of the Air Service. "It would be difficult to find in the world's history any body of fighters who, for sheer gaiety and zest, could hold a candle to them. They have opened up a new vista for their country and for mankind. Their story, if it could ever be fully and truly written, is the Epic of Youth." But the story cannot be fully written here or anywhere. "The heroes of this story, let it be said once and for all, are only samples." No history of this war can be accepted without this qualification. All history, in the final resort, is episodic, a matter of selection; and it can be said for Sir Walter Raleigh's book that his choice has that sure artistry that gives the distinctive savor of the first phase of the War in the Air, and the lines upon which the Service was developed. There were four squadrons at Mons; there were 99 at the Armistice. There were not 250 officers in the Service in 1914; at the Armistice there were over 30,000. But this history is bigger than its detail, and the book greater than its episode. Its distinctively national flavor, its pride in British achievement, its reflection of the spontaneity and zest of the Service—defects if we take them in their restrictive sense, for the German Service called on similar characteristics and staked all on a hazard with the same carelessness—are part of an excellent piece of writing that has made the best history of the war also a piece of literature.

BYGONES.

Round About the Upper Thames. By ALFRED WILLIAMS. (Duckworth. 12s. 6d.)

WELL might the ancients portray rivers as a kind of gods; or, to modernize, well might the young poet Coventry Patmore, who scarcely survived in the author of "The Angel in the House," say in an evening mood that "The river seems to think." It is a bald phrase, but one comprehends the

vague emotion which it labels; there is a genius of the deep, slow waters and the meadows in which they move, which by no uncommon imagination might be styled a personality. The poets have always felt this strongly—Drayton, Spenser, and such chorographical enthusiasts; if we pick up our Gray, for instance, there—

"Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way."

His way! And then presently Gray addresses him:—

"Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall'd
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?"

This address, of course, disgusted Dr. Johnson. He viewed the Thames as a means of going to Greenwich, or extinguishing conflagration—we believe that would have been his phrase; and when he fell upon the poet Gray, he wrote: "His supplication to Father Thames, to tell him who drives the hoop or tosses the ball, is useless and puerile. Father Thames has no better means of knowing than himself."

But, as nature returns, though banished with the pitchfork, so our fantasy grows again regarding the gliding river. He is the spirit of the hills and valleys about him; their villages that lie nearest him enjoy a richer life than those far in the country, whose water-courses are but winter torrents and known for mere swashbucklers when the warm days return. The curiosity of children and grown men alike dwells on the river with his ancient secresies; his summer play itself is the more alluring because, where the silver water barely keeps the weed on the weir moistened and falls into a sleeping pool with a sigh, while out of the shadows a thousand unsuspected inhabitants rise and sun themselves, there the hoarse yellow torrent hurled along with demonic speed and uproar a few months past; and there, when a few months are past again, the autumn dusk will seem to begin. The strange cloud of mist floats deliberate and deathly above the water-meadows, while in the low syllables of the weir now stealing far afield an ancient agony seems presaged. One thinks of old Charon with his boatload of ghosts under the village bridge at such a time.

So that, whoever writes about a favorite tract of England, he is fortunate if through his many bucolic notes there be heard the undertones of some famous river; if we are borne upon that venerable breast to this or that pleasant piece of rurality, and ever again find the current afterwards, fugitive but perpetual. It should lend a fine unity to the book, though it be but a compilation without much other plan.

"Round About the Upper Thames" is a miscellany written by Mr. Williams before the war, with that general line of march, the river's, to give its loose, outlying paragraphs the right to be there. That the war has circulated "civilization" and so, to some extent, made Mr. Williams's pictures of simple folks more old-fashioned than they were, is an opinion at which he hints in his preface. His villagers are of that generation which produced "Gabriel Zillard, who, at the singing contests held at the inn, could sing continuously for eighteen hours"; a tough set, though Mr. Williams does not tell us that it produced anyone capable of listening to Gabriel for eighteen hours. The language of his worthies was full of the letters V and Z. Some of them practised sorcery, and the others believed in them; and most of them had anecdotes of wonder or shrewd dealing or simplicity about someone else. Their precise time on this earth is left obscure; village history is apt to be so in matters of date. The past is the past; an old book is "hundreds of years old"; Queen Mary was blown up by Oliver Cromwell in the ruined steeple, and Adam expelled from Eden, in much the same uncomputed era. Sitting on a bench which looks as if it was built from the wood of a reredos broken up at the Reformation, the old man will point to a water-color dated 1888, picked up at "the doctor's" sale, and say, "That's a very old-fashioned draft, so they tell me." And on such a void of chronology Mr. Williams accumulates his village stories.

Nature-love, too, he mingles in with a pleasing freedom. He has nothing very new to print to tell us, but the observer

is new. The river is not to him what it is to the Yarrells and the Seniors; he is not (to appearances) our consulting authority upon the curious grandiose-looking hybrid fish which the schoolboy has just taken with the luck of a beginner, nor do his miller's-thumbs dislike the gypsy's washing-day. But he tells us that the splashing we can hear is not due to occult interference, and discovers the heron at his odd prank of setting the small roach he has taken round in a ring on the bank, "presumably for amusement." He never writes without color: sometimes he writes too much.

Perhaps the best of his leisurely studies are those that reveal not the brethren of the smock and crook and plough-handles, nor the myosote and kingfisher and chub, but such notabilities as Squire Campbell of Buscot, or Archer of Lushill. Campbell was as zealous an experimentalist as any latter-day painter, and he used more costly materials. He might have been useful in the back areas of France with his fury for changing the look of things. He spent £100,000 (so Mr. Williams records) on a spirit-factory there on the Upper Thames. The spirit was extracted from beets, which demanded a system of artificial irrigation, a manure works on the spot, quarries dug and lime-kilns built, and steam-ploughing which went on by its own patent illumination at night. Like a general, he descended at all hours upon his working parties. He made himself a series of water-gardens, by way of suiting his resting thoughts, and had the jawbone of a whale set up as an archway. The jaw is fifteen feet long by twelve feet wide at the base. It is what a modern critic might call an emotional symbol.

Archer was a good old squire, whose laborers were many and in their old age became pensioners. He was the man of the time for his province; it was what John Archer said that counted. His hat was his temper; if on his forehead, good; if on his poll, not good. The historian says that he kissed all the women publicly and *ex officio*. He also referred to his pocket companion, the Bible, at all times and seasons when tackled by those of other views of religion. After a famous life of harvests and markets and riding to hounds and squabbling with the man of tithes, a life which began to seem bygone even on the Upper Thames, he grieved at the new ways and died saying: "Give my love to my people."

THE TRAGEDY OF RICHARD MIDDLETON.

Richard Middleton: the Man and his Work. By HENRY SAVAGE. (Palmer. 12s. 6d.)

WE knew before reading Mr. Savage's memorial of his dead friend that Richard Middleton put an end to his own life somewhere about his thirties; but the reading of it establishes little more than the exact date, place, and external circumstances of the tragedy. Middleton somehow lost himself just after he had found his art, which seems to have been the only thing he really cared about, while a conviction of how much he cared is the only stable impression we receive from Mr. Savage's biography. We are left utterly in the dark as to whether his death had a distant or radical connection with what he lived for. It looks rather as though there were none, and that he plunged into darkness through despair at lack of recognition, or in a fit of weariness or nervous melancholy or disgusted introspection—"I wish you could wire me a new soul," he wrote to Mr. Savage a short time before his end—or all of them together, for Middleton was always in and out of money; and though he was penniless when he died, he took poverty lightly, and was expecting a cheque from the "Academy" at the time. Certainly, the twenty-nine years of his life (he died in 1911 at Brussels) were solitary enough, but we gain no clue that he ever missed intimacy or love. No doubt his impersonality is partly responsible for the shadowiness of Mr. Savage's book. His Bohemian nights in the old "Academy," "Vanity Fair," and "English Review" days; his come-and-go friendships; the small change of *café* intercourse, and his half-playful and scarcely amatory relations with "Lily" and "Christine," whom he never appears to have regarded except as grown-up children, all point to the lack not only of the personal element in his life, but of any need of it. Nor, in spite of Mr. Savage's claims, is there any

real trace of a preoccupation with human interests either in his verse or his prose. The one is practically all fashionable exercise, and the other memories of his own childhood—journalism, self-analysis, much of it half-jocular, and a fancifulness of a high and delicate quality.

Mr. Savage, having little else to write about, devotes many pages to an enthusiastic appreciation of Middleton's verse, falling foul of Professor Saintsbury's criticism that it had "only the outward character of poetry." This appreciation goes to a very natural and even proper extreme in the circumstances, but it cannot be sustained. Middleton had a turn for squib, epigram, and dexterous Goliardic verse, but in poetry he was never anything more than a costumier. To say that lines like these:—

"And when the wood-boys bathe and fling
Across the world their limbs made cool,
Love tarries with his alms-giving,
And there is trouble by the pool,"

"soar on wings of inspiration towards the heavens" is indeed a generosity. The best that can be said for Middleton's serious verse is that it has got off the tricks of the trade and the period glibly enough. "Your triumphing passions scaled the gates of fire," "My soul paid tribute to tremendous kings," "One frail, sad rose inspires eternity," "The timeless passion of the hemispheres," "Love played with us beneath the laughing trees": these and other average samples point the justice of Professor Saintsbury's remark, and have no more significance in literature than a high-heeled shoe in anatomy. It is, indeed, dubious whether their author himself took his poetry very seriously; roses were the mode and horticulture good practice for his prose, which in the last year of his life assumed its proper proportion in his mind. Mr. Savage is a little cavalier with it, at least in ratio to his estimate of the verse; but Middleton's prose is veined with high qualities and was rapidly growing in power, assurance, and range when, as it seems by an accidental stumble, he went over the abyss. It was a great and fertile idea of his to mingle the good-natured and almost bluff humor of his Bohemian encounters with the iridescent substance of dream and fantasy, too rarefied without it. The blend was original and expressed in an individual manner, as anybody who knows "The Ghost Ship" will allow.

Though he associated with many of their lights, Middleton had none of the sickliness of the 'nineties and their heritage. He had an unhappy boyhood:—

"Æsthetic butchers made the market hideous with mosaics of the intestines of animals, as if the horrors of suety pavements and bloody sawdust did not suffice. . . . I saw the greasy, red-faced men with their hands and aprons stained with blood . . . the masses of entrails, the heap of repulsive hides; but most clearly of all I saw an ugly, sad little boy with a satchel of books on his back set down in the midst of an enormous and hostile world";

and in early manhood he says in his journal that he was "always thinking a great deal too much about my own mind and doings. . . . I am always watching myself, and consequently am inclined to behave as though I was always walking the stage." "He is lacking," he writes of Wiloughby Patterne, "in those frantic moments common to all egoists, when they lose or, rather, mislay their faith in themselves, and flutter with timorous wings above the bottomless pit." These and other confessions of the kind are indications of a certain malady of mind, matching the constant recurrence of a physical; but there were strong correctives, and on the whole he was as robust in temperament as he was shrewd in mind. Many of the things he writes in letters and journals are admirable for their strong sense and crisp penetration.

"The art of a nation is in inverse ratio to its artistic conceit. In England we believe that we are successful shopkeepers, and therefore we have artists. In Belgium they believe they are artists, and therefore they have shopkeepers,"

is an example. Yet somewhere the springs were loose and prematurely snapped. But to elucidating the mystery of Middleton's life and death Mr. Savage's memorial brings us no nearer.

Books in Brief.

The Life of Antonio Fogazzaro. By TOMMASO GALLARATI-SCOTTI. Translated by MARY PRICHARD AGNETTI. (Hodder & Stoughton. 15s.)

It is to his novels that Fogazzaro owes his fame in Italy, it was his modernism or his liberal Catholicism that gave him his popularity in England, and his choice of a biographer shows that it was as a liberal Catholic that he wished to be remembered. Signor Gallarati-Scotti has set himself to give us the story of a soul. And yet we are convinced that "*Piccolo Mondo Antico*" (The Patriot) will still be read when the theological controversies that loom so large in these pages have passed into complete forgetfulness. Not only is it far the best of its author's novels, a real artistic success—as to that there can be no two opinions—but it is the novel of the Risorgimento, the most adequate embodiment of that great movement in fiction. And one of the many interesting facts brought out by this biography is that it was written at a time when Fogazzaro's whole nature was for one moment in perfect balance, when he was undisturbed by the ceaseless struggle between the spirit and the sense which lay at the root of so much of his religious experience and is so vividly reflected in his other novels. Not that Fogazzaro wished them to be judged æsthetically. Like Manzoni, he estimated their value primarily by their moral worth, a view of criticism which seems strangely out of date in modern Italy and is clearly the effect of the life-long war he waged against the temptations of the flesh. The notes on the effect of the reading of Marie Bashkirtseff throw a curious light on the persistence of these temptations and Fogazzaro's own attitude towards them. This biography also explains something that has always seemed strange to us—why Fogazzaro's women are less religious than his men. Signora Agnetti, the translator of the novels, has done her work well.

The French Tradition in Education. By H. C. BARNARD. (Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.)

MR. BARNARD is already well known as the author of the best English study of the Port-Royal educational system; and this volume will add to his deservedly considerable reputation. It is not so much a connected history as a series of charming essays upon particular aspects of French education from the Renaissance to the Revolution. Beginning with Ramus and the attempt to revive the University of Paris, he discusses the noble effort of Anne de Xaintonge to improve the education of girls in the early seventeenth century. He outlines the way in which the Huguenots fastened upon the school system as the root of religious strength. He summarizes the pathetic effort of Bossuet to transform the dull and obstinate son of Louis XIV. into Plato's philosopher-king. The work of the Oratorians and Rollin's attempt to reinvigorate the University of Paris are discussed with learning and insight; and the book closes with two admirable chapters on La Chalotais's plan for a national and secular educational system, and Madame Necker de Saussure's realization that the root of wisdom is to build the schools upon an understanding of the evolutionary psychology of the child. What emerges above all from Mr. Barnard's chapters is the danger to any educational progress of religious control. The Churches may have noble ends; but human nature is always ultimately broken upon the wheel of their unbending certainty. Mr. Barnard has expressly excluded higher education from his survey; it is greatly to be hoped that a later volume will throw upon this subject a light not less interesting than he has thrown upon his present theme.

Bygone Days in India. By DOUGLAS DEWAR. (The Bodley Head. 18s.)

MR. DEWAR is an assiduous gleaner among the personal records of Anglo-India, especially during the first forty years of the nineteenth century. He has read, apparently, every English account of life in India after Warren Hastings, and he has a particular interest in the time when the sailing-ship was making way for the steamer, and when, in consequence, river travel, as well as the ocean passage, was

completely changing. Some of his most entertaining notes refer to the handbooks prepared for the use of civil and military officers and their wives, yet the old conditions of lavish expenditure and unlimited domestic service prevailed. Down to the middle of last century the English in India appear to have kept up their insane practice of living in defiance of the climate—loading their tables with huge hot joints, and drinking every sort of liquor. Almost all the observers quoted by Mr. Dewar write in harsh judgment or good-humored contempt of Anglo-Indian society. Their comments on the position of the young women, whose flagrant man-hunting was taken for granted, are especially pointed. One well-known *vade mecum* of 1810 assumes the correctness, even for the Company's servants, of keeping an Indian mistress, and discusses in detail the expenses "attendant upon concubinage in the East." In the sixty-five years since the Mutiny the life of the European in India has been externally transformed, but the essentials, and notably the racial relationship, seem very little different from those of the early British period.

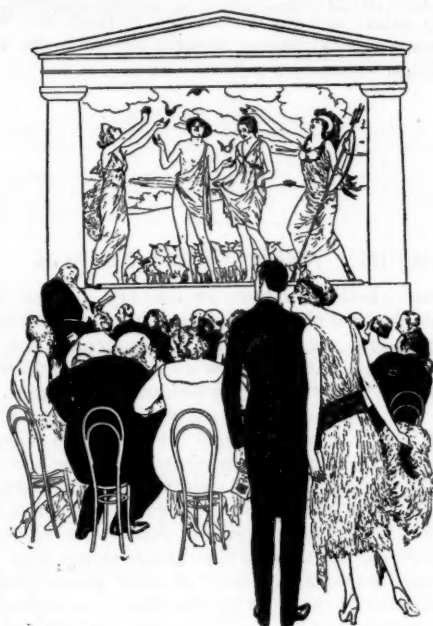
The Foundations of American Nationality. By E. B. GREENE. (New York: American Book Co.)

THIS is the first volume of a new history of America which, when completed by Professor C. R. Fish, will be an excellent introduction to its subject for English readers. Professor Greene has abandoned the point of view represented by men like Bancroft and McMaster, who saw in American history either the plain hand of a guiding Providence, or a good story, and has sought to re-interpret the facts in the light of such researches as those of Turner, Beer, and Osgood. The result is a well-balanced survey, which, while not unduly iconoclastic, is prepared to sacrifice many of the old traditional legends. Professor Greene has gone beyond the pathetic limits of the purely political history, and has traced also the outlines of the social life of the people. Chapter XVII., for instance, gives an admirable picture of Southern life in the early years of the eighteenth century. The account of the War of Independence is at every point fair, and, in particular, he does reasonable justice to the Tories who stood by Great Britain in the crisis. The book is well written and has some excellent illustrations. It deserves to be widely read in this country.

From "Vita Nuova" to "Paradiso." By PHILIP H. WICKSTEED. (Longmans, for the Manchester University Press. 5s.)

No one has done more to popularize Dante in this country than Dr. Wicksteed, and this little book possesses all the lucidity and admirable method, based on solid, scholarly foundations, which we are wont to associate with his name. It really amounts to a plea for the "*Paradiso*." Like most Dante lovers, he regrets that so many even of those who have struggled to the top of the steep mountain of Purgatory shrink back dismayed by the baffling theology and philosophy of the "*Paradiso*," even when they are attracted by its mysticism. And he sets out to prove that not merely the "*Divine Comedy*," but the whole of Dante's work, leads directly up to the mystic vision of Paradise. Hence the seriousness of the case of those who do not persevere to the end. It is certainly good to be made to look back on Dante's work in this way from the empyrean. Perhaps the most interesting section is the long discussion of the "*Convivio*," in which Dr. Wicksteed shows that, though Dante's philosophy is here commensurate with his studies, it is transcended by his beliefs. In this, as in the personification of Philosophy as a woman, the "*Convivio*" may be compared with Boethius's "*De Consolatione Philosophiæ*," upon the importance of which for the Middle Ages Professor Ker is never tired of insisting. Yet even here Philosophy takes on a deeper spiritual glow from its association with Theology, by which it is soon to be dominated when Dante reaches maturity. This he does in the "*Monarchia*," where Reason and Revelation are shown in their true relationship, such as we find in the "*Commedia*." It may well be that Dante made Virgil his guide in part because he first learnt from him the true mission of the Empire. Certainly, there may be something to say for Dr. Wicksteed's suggestion that the famous passages in praise of St. Francis and St. Dominic in the "*Paradiso*" were composed as independent poems.

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* * * * *

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From the Publishers' Table.

THE Medici Society's autumn plans include the issue of "Vincent Van Gogh, a Biographical Study," by Julius Meier-Graefe—a translation in two quarto volumes, with 100 reproductions; and four little volumes of selections from Donne, Herrick, Sidney, and Drayton.

PUTNAMs have in preparation a new set of six plays by Lord Dunsany. Three by Mr. Clifford Bax under the volume-title "Polite Satires" are among the Medici Society's announcements.

THE literature of Relativity ought to occupy the collectors in a more perfect state of affairs. Why should there not be an anxious rush for the original issues of such books as Professor A. N. Whitehead's "The Principle of Relativity, with Applications to Physical Science," and Professor Eddington's "Mathematical Theory of Relativity," both to be published by the Cambridge University Press? Minor poetry, which is collected, appears very minor in the light of such *principia*.

IN an interesting memoir of W. H. Hudson just circulated by Mr. Knopf in collaboration with Messrs. Dutton, it is announced that there will appear next spring "an early and hitherto unpublished novel" by Hudson. It is called "Ralph Herne." Mr. Knopf, who already publishes five books by Hudson in America, will publish this also.

"POEMS by Santayana" are to come from Messrs. Constable. Will he be styled a Georgian? "Laughter from a Cloud" is the title given to the fugitive literary work of the late Sir Walter Raleigh, as collected and edited for the same publishers by Dr. John Sampson. Plays, essays, letters, and poems form the bulk of these remains, which will be illustrated by Mr. Anning Bell, and have for frontispiece a portrait of the author in the dress of the Elizabethan age.

MR. ALDINGTON's essay, "The Poet and His Age," distinguishes the "Chapbook" for September. While he very justly asks of his contemporaries "more ardor and enterprise," he gives them credit for not in general "growing hysterical over aeroplanes." On the other hand, Mr. Osbert Sitwell, in an obscure satire upon the Georgians, which follows Mr. Aldington, contemplates with pain the fact that some of them play cricket. As a poet himself, he should speak with authority upon such modern vulgarity in his less correct brethren.

LECTURES arranged by the Institut Français for the public during what remains of 1922 include the following, and many others:—

October 16th. 9 p.m. "Chateaubriand et l'Angleterre," by M. André Beaunier. Mr. Goese will preside.

November 9th. 9 p.m. "L'Homme chez la Bête," by Mme. Colette Willy; with Miss Clemence Dane presiding.

December 7th. 9 p.m. "R. L. Stevenson et son influence sur le roman d'aventures français," by M. Pierre Benoit.

THE Secretary of the Institut (1-7, Cromwell Gardens, South Kensington) will provide intending subscribers with the prospectus of the Cours Public of which these three sessions are representative. There are different terms to suit different interests; a ticket for a single lecture may be had for half-a-crown.

THE activity of the publishers is rivalled by that of the booksellers. Messrs. Dobell have just produced a catalogue of autographs of a picturesque variety. Some of the numbers are unpublished verses of all sorts, by amateurs of the late seventeenth century; then there is that rarity, a letter from Hazlitt, and, rarer still, it is a eulogy of a new poem; Monmouth's bad spellings fill up a quarto page; Swinburne complains on six pages to an editor respecting an editorial note. "Shakespeare's patron" writes: "I am very sorry to hear that you have bene so much troubled with the goute"—but not to Shakespeare.

IN Messrs. Chaundy's fifty-sixth list, also, are some MSS. relating to Samuel Richardson, including a fragment of a novel which he projected; but this list is perhaps of primary importance to collectors of modern books. We have only room to mention the classified catalogue of Messrs. Galloway & Porter, Cambridge, an ordered miscellany; No. 349 from Mr. Thorp, Guildford—containing many ornithological titles; and No. 2 from Mr. McLeish (66, Weltje Road, Hammersmith), strong in early-printed books, elaborate bindings, and modern presses.

Art.

DESIGN AND SURROUNDINGS.

BUILDINGS, whether in town or country, do not stand alone, and for complete satisfaction in them we require that they should not only fulfil their purpose and look well individually, but also agree with their neighbors and surroundings. Yet, when we praise the designer who observes this condition, is it not something like a confession of failure in modern life? It is as if we said that he had made the best of a bad job. Because, when we turn to the buildings of the past which we admire, we find in them no evidence whatever of any such consideration on the part of their designers. Something, no doubt, must be allowed for time, which brings things into perspective and makes a harmony of color where perhaps there was none; but, allowing for this, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the agreement was original and uncalculated; as, when a man is at peace with himself, he is likely to get on well with his neighbors and in life without bothering his head about the matter. We cannot help thinking that the concessions and accommodations which we praise in the modern instance imply a weakness somewhere.

This uncomfortable reflection was brought to the surface by two recent experiences: a holiday in the West of England and a visit to the exhibition of water-colors by Cotswold artists at the Cotswold Gallery, Frith Street, Soho. Since the exhibition is a sort of comment on the holiday, it may be glanced at first. Several different styles of drawing and painting are represented, and the subjects are not all taken from the Cotswolds, but the thing which must strike any visitor is the effect of a common character inspired by the place. It is as present in "Tattershall," an "invention," by Mr. F. L. Griggs, A.R.A., and "A Welsh Barn," by Mr. Arthur J. Gaskin, as in "A Haunt of Ancient Peace," by Mr. Henry A. Payne; "Painswick," by Mr. Joseph Southall; and "A Cotswold Farm," by Mr. Russell Alexander; that is to say, Cotswold subjects drawn, presumably, on the spot. To put it crudely, the buildings in these pictures, though ranging over several centuries, all look as if they had grown up out of the ground by some natural process. They are fulfilments of the landscape.

That this effect of harmony in diversity is not due only to reduction in scale and the reconciling effect of a common artistic medium, I know very well from my holiday. Wherever you go in the counties of Somerset, Gloucester, and Wilts, you see buildings, and groups of buildings, of all sizes and periods, from, say, the fourteenth to the early nineteenth century, which have this character of an organic relation to each other and to their parent soil. Something, of course, is due to the use of common and generally local materials, but by no means everything. Nor is the effect due entirely to the gradual evolution of styles which may be traced in many of the villages. In the village of Castle Combe, in Wilts, just over the Gloucestershire border, I came upon an amusing instance of the contrary: a little Georgian house thrust into a row which could not have been later than the sixteenth century. There had been no attempt whatever to consider its neighbors; pride in what was then modernity stuck out all over it; but, with its four sash windows and cheeky little pediment over the doorway, it

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was perfectly in accord with the mullioned, casement windows, with their "labels" above, on either side. There were the native Gothic and Classic cheek by jowl, and both in harmony with the landscape. Looking at the little house, it was impossible not to feel that it kept its place simply by minding its own architectural business in view of its purpose.

That, I think, exposes the root of our discomfort, and explains why, when we praise a designer for considering his neighbors and surroundings, we are conscious that he has covered up a defect—not in him but in ourselves. What we call modern civilization is, in fact, a muddle of conflicting purposes, and in order to put a good face upon it architecturally, we have to resort to something corresponding to diplomatic language. We dare not speak our business in the vernacular for fear of architectural disorder. That should be the defence of our architects when they are blamed for not working out a style which shall really express the times. Except in small domestic buildings, in which we are still more or less agreed in our needs and purposes and reasonably true to nature, the times will not bear architectural expression; and in order to preserve decency and harmony in our cities the architect is thrown back upon Classic as the diplomatist is thrown back upon French. The best he can do is to hush things up. Architecturally, and granting the non-committal style adopted, there is little to find fault with in recent commercial buildings in London, but they cannot be called convincing. They have a "White City" effect, as if the accord between them and their neighbors were only temporary, for exhibition purposes—like the polite agreement of stall-holders who will be cutting each other's throats to-morrow but combine to bluff the public to-day. One feels that when, if ever, our business has righted itself, and dare show its face openly in architecture, these buildings will have to come down to give place to something which may be much more various but will hold together, because it is based upon the real needs and worthy purposes of man.

The truth is that you can't have it both ways. In modern conditions, and in anything beyond a modest dwelling, you can't have both architectural plain-speaking and architectural harmony. The facts won't permit of anything but architectural eye-wash. How far this is a necessary consequence of the increased complexity of life, and how far it is alterable, is an open question; but the fact remains that if we want a more truly expressive architecture, that shall not be an offence to the eye and a violation of nature, we must reform our institutions. It is highly improbable that the Cotswold builders were more skilful or more sincere artistically than our architects, or that they were more considerate of their neighbors and of the landscape; the difference was that they had nothing to conceal. They could speak plainly to the various business of life, each in his own accent, and still find themselves in agreement with each other and in harmony with nature.

CHARLES MARRIOTT.

The Drama.

HARA-KIRI.

Little Theatre: "The Toils of Yoshitomo" By Torahiko Kori. "VERY well, then, behead me at once," said Nanki-Poo, and though he had the misfortune to have a Chinese name he was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of ancient Japanese tragedy. Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan" suffice to illustrate that spirit. "The Forty-seven Ronins" and the other warrior heroes all outdo the Spartans in the rigor of their military honor and their sacrifice of personal claims to feudal or imperial loyalty. Mr. Torahiko Kori's play "The Toils of Yoshitomo" is deep in this tradition. There you see how a clan of the Genji has the ill-luck to be divided in the twelfth-century civil war, caused by the attempt

of the ex-Emperor Sutoku to remount his throne. Old Tameyoshi, the head of the clan, commands the pretender's forces, while his eldest son Yoshitomo is the general of the reigning emperor's army. What concerns the old veteran is not the breach in the family, or any notion of filial disobedience to the *patria potestas*. All that worries him is the dread lest his son should not combat him as ruthlessly as any other rebel; lest there should be the shadow of a breath upon his military escutcheon. "Behead me at once," is Tameyoshi's demand when taken prisoner by his son. And as Yoshitomo manoeuvres to escape the hateful duty he duly slays himself, and in an Epilogue we see his head garnishing the execution posts and his agonized son writhing at the foot of them, amid crashing thunder.

"Now though you'd have said
That head was dead,
For its owner dead was he"

—it yet makes a ghostly spectacle, and Maskelynes could hardly better the illusion.

It is all rather remote for us to-day. We suspect, too, that we take it in the wrong spirit. For we necessarily shrink from the grim old fanatic, and sympathize with the affectionate, protesting soul of Yoshitomo. But we ought, of course, to applaud Tameyoshi for simply doing the straight thing and avert our eyes from the feebleness of a *daimyo* like Yoshitomo, who tries to spare a rebel at the mere promptings of his heart. Then again, while it is possible to use a Japanese *décor* fantastically, to adorn a play which is itself frankly Occidental, it is hardly possible for European players to create a sound illusion that they are Japanese. The dresses and the furniture, the attitudes and the gestures demand the physique of the nation that has evolved them. (Did anybody on the stage on Tuesday look in the least at ease conversing on the floor?) This, no doubt, brings us perilously near the controversy about the Chinese actors in "East of Suez." It remains true that an actor's physique puts a limit on the range of parts he can profitably attempt, and that similarly the actors of one race may be inapt to embody personages of another. We think if Mr. J. Fisher White (Tameyoshi), Mr. Milton Rosmer (Yoshitomo), and Miss Muriel Pratt (Chihaya), had been playing respectively a Roman father, his son and daughter, and not the members of a Japanese family, their excellent acting would have made more mark. Similarly, if Japanese players could be found to act in English, Mr. Torahiko Kori's tragedy would, we believe, be more deeply impressive. Its gloomy strength, relieved by gleams of poetry that show like rare flowers in the interstices of a crag, would grip us more, and puzzle us much less.

We must not close without a tribute to Miss Edith Craig's skill in producing a drama which demands a good deal of historic pageantry on the small stage of the Little Theatre. The battle-scene was peculiarly effective, thanks largely to Mr. George Skillan's playing of Tameyoshi, a sort of Japanese *berserk* warrior. It was an exhilarating break in a rather funereal evening to watch him fight and kill two swordsmen in armor with the help of an uprooted sapling and a knowledge of the maxims of jujitsu. We shall remember also the beauty of the tableau on the rise of the curtain for the second scene of Act I., in Tameyoshi's palace, the groups of bright dresses against a golden background. This show has "distinction"—whatever it may lack.

D. L. M.

Forthcoming Meetings.

- Sun. 8. South Place Ethical Society, 11.—"Patriotism and History," Mr. C. Delisle Burns.
Indian Students' Union (Keppel St., W.C. 1), 5.—
"Some Impressions of America," Mr. St. John Ervine.
Mon. 9. University College, 5.—"The Beginnings of Science,"
Prof. G. Elliot Smith.
King's College, 5.30.—"Einstein's Theory of Relativity," Prof. G. B. Jeffery.

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